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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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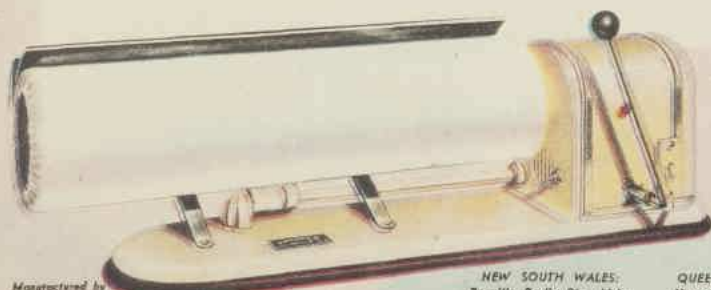
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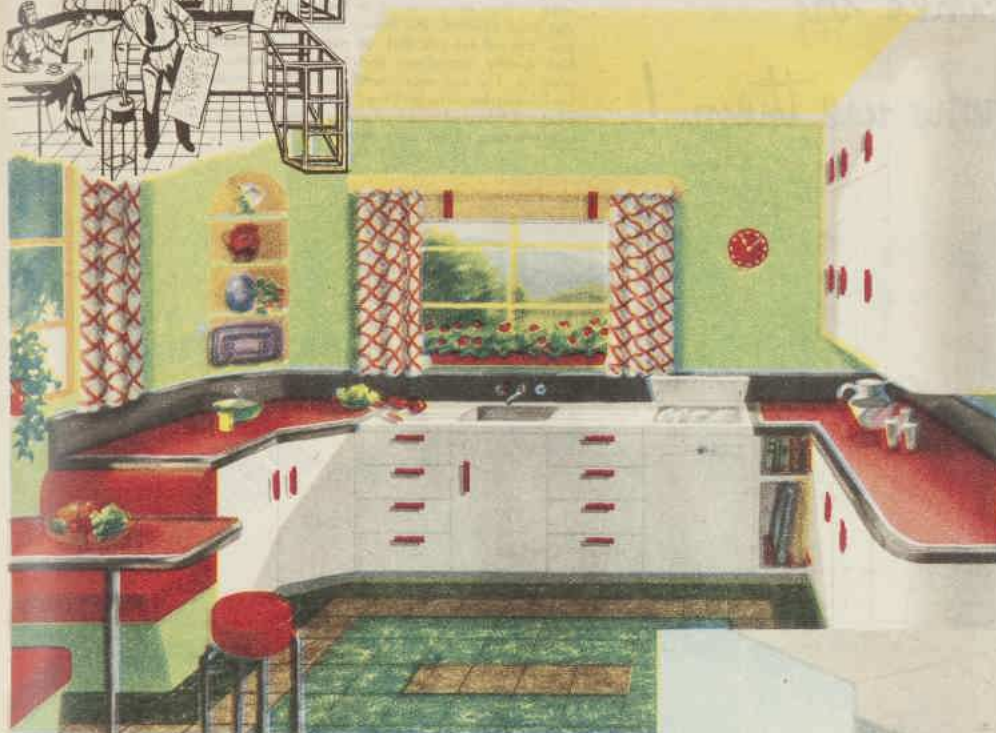


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Man across the way

By Jonquil Antony

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

HEATHER woke up with a bump. She felt annoyed, because, when she looked at the clock, she saw that it was her usual time for getting up. And she had meant to have a long, lovely sleep. The sun was pouring through the net curtains. It was a wonderful Saturday morning.

But now that she was awake, she began to feel depressed. She had turned down an invitation to stay with friends in the country this week-end. She hadn't had the flat long, and there were heaps and heaps of things she wanted to do—painting, and cleaning, and making new curtains.

But Heather didn't want to begin. Somehow, the prospect seemed a little dreary.

From the flat opposite there was a sudden and immensely loud burst of music from the wireless. It maddened her. She leapt out of bed and tore across the room. She threw up the window, making faces, and shouted.

The occupant of the flat opposite couldn't possibly have heard her with all that din going on, but the noise ended suddenly. Heather was left shouting into the silence. She felt a fool.

The little street was bright in the summer sunshine. The people who lived at the top end had red geraniums, in green window boxes, at all their windows. The geraniums were charming, and pleasing, but they made Heather angrier than ever. She could not afford geraniums in green window boxes.

As a secretary at a publishing firm, her salary didn't even seem enough to keep her in nylons. But then, of course, it wasn't necessary to have her own flat (which was adorable), nor was it necessary to have bought a bottle of French perfume last week.

It wasn't necessary—but a girl had to have a background. French perfume helps one to make the best of oneself—and from tiny children we are instructed to make the best of ourselves.

But of course, making the best of oneself had its disadvantages. She hoped Eric wouldn't come round to-day. That would be the end. Eric was a worthy young man. Very worthy. Heather's great fear was that one day, owing to Eric's dogged persistence, she would suddenly lose her head and wake up and find herself married to him. She hastily thrust the thought from her mind.

Heather now put on a green floral linen housecoat. It gave her conscience a slightly uncomfortable pang. It had cost rather a lot. There had been a most serviceable one in an ugly pink which should have been the one she bought. But the floral one was divine. Heather caught a glimpse of herself in it, in the glass. It cheered her up no end. She started preparing her breakfast, and began to sing.

There was a loud clattering below. Mr. Tomkins, the milkman, was arriving with Victoria. Victoria was his horse, a stout, elderly mare with a kindly expression.

Heather was partial to Mr. Tomkins, who was as stout as Victoria. Mr. Tomkins had fallen heavily for Heather's charms. He exchanged what he called "a bit of badinage" with her every morning.

"Morning, miss!" Mr. Tomkins had wheezed his way up the tiny narrow stairs. There was no need for him to deliver the milk to Heather's door; all the other occupants of the flats found theirs at the bottom of the stairs.

When Heather opened the door, smiling at him, Mr. Tomkins observed the floral housecoat. He was entranced.

There was another loud burst of music from the flat opposite, it was even louder than before. Something must be wrong with the wireless, thought Heather.

Mr. Tomkins cupped his hand to his ear. "Hear that?" he asked. The noise was like fifty symphony orchestras in one. "Seen 'im?" added Mr. Tomkins.

"Seen who?" said Heather.

"New tenant. Flat opposite."

Heather shook her head. "I don't want to," she said. "They've got a noisy wireless—and a noisy dog. I heard it yapping last night."

Feeling that this was perhaps rather sour, she added graciously "But I suppose as it was the first night they'd been in, they couldn't stop the dog."

"Them's only one," said Mr. Tomkins. "It's an old gentleman. Ever so old he is, beard and all."

"Oh?" Heather was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. She had hoped the flat opposite would be occupied by someone who was gay—someone who would lend her glasses if she had a party.

"Ever so old, he is," Mr. Tomkins looked as if he was going to disclose more information about the elderly gentleman, but suddenly an expression of alarm crossed his face. "Lawks!" he said.

"I—I beg your pardon?" said Heather.

"It's the missus. I'm for it. The missus'll be after me. I just remembered. I'll have to go back to the shop, that's what. Forgotten to leave out some stuff to be fetched. Dearie

"Oh! Mr. Tomkins! I think Victoria is going to have a fit," Heather gasped.

me, I'll be late with the milk round! But I'll tell you what. I'll hop back across the back way, over them fences, to save time, and I'll leave Victoria outside your door 'ere, if I may."

So for the next few minutes Heather amused herself by conjuring up a picture of Mr. Tomkins hopping lightly over the fences. Still in her housecoat, she went downstairs to give Victoria an apple. Victoria stared at her with a horsey look on her horsey face. She was already chewing. There was a strange meditative expression in her eyes.

Please turn to page 6





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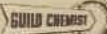


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SR 43

HEATHER noticed a slight foam round Victoria's mouth. Victoria refused the proffered apple, and Heather hoped she wasn't ill. After patting her fat rump, Heather left her and went upstairs again. She began to make some toast.

Opposite, the wireless burst out yet again. The dog began barking. There was a loud, stentorian shout. The old gentleman, it seemed, had retained the power of his lungs.

Heather took the toast from the stove and looked out of the window. There was something funny about Victoria. There was now a great deal more foam round her mouth. She seemed to be moving up and down in an odd way, as though she was uncomfortable. Heather became anxious. Could the horse be about to have a fit?

Heather went hastily down the stairs. She looked closely at Victoria.

Victoria rolled an anxious eye at Heather. She shifted her feet a little. She tossed her head. The foam was all over her mouth now; it was getting thicker. It was obvious that she was going to have a fit at any moment now.

Heather was desperate. What do you do when a horse has a fit? Heather didn't know anything about horses. She wondered if she ought to get a vet, quickly, or run for Mr. Tomkins first. To her relief she saw Mr. Tomkins propelling himself—not hopping—over the fence at the end of the street. He waved to her rather waggishly.

"Mr. Tomkins! Mr. Tomkins! Oh—I'm so thankful you've come. Victoria is ill! She's ill!"

Mr. Tomkins quickened his pace. There was no sound at all now from the flat on the other side of the mews, but Heather noticed that the window was open.

To her horror, the curtain moved very slightly. She was aware of an eye—a single eye—watching her. She could not see what sort of eye—brown, or blue, or grey. It was just an eye. It was most unpleasant.

Mr. Tomkins came puffing up with his basket of bottles.

"Look, Mr. Tomkins," Heather indicated the foam. "Mr. Tomkins! She's going to have a fit!"

"Now then, little nightingale," Mr. Tomkins was addressing Victoria in the tones of a lover. "What is it, eh? Let Father look!" "Father" started to open Victoria's mouth. Heather thought he was rather brave; she might easily lash out when the first frenzy of the fit came on her.

There was a tense silence. "Got a toffee," remarked Mr. Tomkins nonchalantly.

Man Across The Way

Continued from page 5

From the flat above came a strange sound. It was a mixture of a hoot and a smothered laugh.

"A toffee!" exclaimed Heather angrily.

Mr. Tomkins nodded. "Been chewin' it round and round, see? Can't get rid of it no-how. Stickjaw."

Mr. Tomkins jerked up Victoria's head and with a flick of his finger shot the toffee out on to the cobbles. "Home-made, I should say," he observed.

A wave of anger swept over Heather, now that her feeling of alarm was gone. She stamped her foot. "Who in the world could be such an idiot as to give a horse a toffee?" she said scornfully and loudly. "I'm afraid it was me," Mr.

Heather drew herself up. She knew he was laughing at her. She made a great attempt at dignity; in her green linen housecoat it was a little difficult.

"I am glad all is well, Mr. Tomkins," she said. "Of course, you have to be so careful what people give to horses. Some people do not know how to treat animals."

Heather turned round, and stalked up her stairs. It was not easy to stalk. They were so painfully narrow.

Mr. Tomkins waited for her to go, then he looked up and winked at the young man.

"Gone back to 'er 'usband," finished Mr. Tomkins. "Gone

small black-and-white terrier shot out.

A masculine voice called out, "Hi, Chips! Wait for me!"

But Chips was not waiting for anyone. He had seen a large ginger cat. Chips rushed happily towards it. He seized it by the tail. In a second, they were one large, fierce, shrieking ball of fur and hair. The ball rolled over and over, emitting horrible screams. It was rolling towards Victoria—in a moment it would be under her feet.

In a split second Heather realised what was going to happen. She rushed down the stairs, but she was too late. Victoria was terrified. She reared up on her hind legs. There was a shattering crash of broken glass, bottles shot all over the road and milk poured in streams into the gutter.

Heather didn't know why, or how, she did what she did. Afterwards, she supposed she was brave, but it all happened so quickly that she hardly realised what she was doing. All that she knew was that poor old Victoria was terrified; she was going to bolt; and Heather was very fond of her.

Victoria began careering up the street, dragging the milk-cart after her, leaving a trail of broken bottles. Heather, still in the green housecoat, ran after her. Victoria was old and unused to doing anything more than a gentle trot.

Although she was so frightened, Heather caught up with her quite quickly. Regardless of the plunging hoofs, regardless of anything, Heather reached up and caught at Victoria's bridle. She hung on grimly, see-sawing up and down as Victoria tossed and reared. Suddenly Victoria stopped. She stood still and looked mildly surprised.

Heather was aware of shouts all round her. People had appeared from nowhere. Mr. Tomkins had run towards her, so worried he hadn't even realised he was still carrying a basket of bottles.

Everyone was shouting, all talking at once, telling each other excitedly what had happened. Mr. Tomkins was holding Victoria's bridle, calling her his nightingale—Heather had let go of it. She was aware that her head felt singularly swimming. There was a sudden blackness, and she slid gracefully down on to the footpath.

She came back to consciousness slowly. She seemed to be surrounded by packing cases and bits of newspaper and straw. She heard a strange voice saying, "No, no, please don't worry; she'll be all right."

Please turn to page 42



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

WHY, ONLY SIX MONTHS AGO WE WERE THROWING RICE AT YOU BOTH!



YES, AND NOW THE ONLY THING BEING THROWN IS RICE PUDDING!



AT ME!



By GUS

Arabella

By
**GEORGETTE
HEYER**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LONDON society is stirred when ARABELLA TALLANT comes from her obscure Yorkshire vicarage home to spend a London season with LADY BRIDLINGTON, her godmother.

Incensed by the attitude of wealthy fashion leader MR. BEAUMARIS, Arabella, unknown to her godmother, rashly tells him and his friend LORD FLEETWOOD that she is fabulously wealthy, and this tale, passing around, brings fortune-hunters flocking to meet her.

Delighted by the unexpected sensation her god-child has created, Lady Bridlington is nevertheless concerned at Arabella's tendency to what she considers very unorthodox behaviour.

This reaches its height one morning when Arabella befriends a chimney-sweep and brings him to Lady Bridlington's sitting-room, demanding that her ladyship's son, LORD WILLIAM BRIDLINGTON, do something about him.

Lord Bridlington is protesting sharply when Mr. Beaumaris and Lord Fleetwood are shown in. NOW READ ON:

WHEN the two visitors walked into the room, Lady Bridlington gave vent to an audible moan. Her son stood rooted to the floor in the middle of the room, his face flushed and angry.

Miss Tallant, also very much flushed, bit her lip and turned on her heel, leading a small urchin over to a chair by the wall and bidding him gently to sit on it and be a good boy.

Lord Fleetwood blinked upon this scene; Mr. Beaumaris' brows went up but he gave no other sign of surprise.

"How do you do?" he said, bowing over Lady Bridlington's nerveless hand. "I trust we don't intrude? I called in the hope of persuading Miss Tallant to drive to the Botanical Gardens with me. They tell me the spring flowers are quite a sight there."

"You are very obliging, sir," said Arabella curtly, "but I have more important affairs to attend to this morning."

Lady Bridlington pulled herself together. "My love, we can discuss all that later. I am sure it would do you good to take the air. Do but send that child down to the kitchen, and—"

"Thank you, ma'am, but I do not stir from the house until I have settled what is to be done with Jimmy."

Lord Fleetwood, who has been regarding Jimmy with frank curiosity, said, "Jimmy, eh? Er—friend of yours, Miss Tallant?"

"No. He is a climbing-boy who came by mistake down the chimney of my bed-chamber," Arabella replied. "He has been most shamefully used, and he is only a child, as you may see—I dare say not more than seven or eight years old!"

The warmth of her feelings brought a distinct tremor into her voice. Mr. Beaumaris looked curiously at her.

"No, really?" said Lord Fleetwood, with easy sympathy. "Well, that's a great deal too bad! Shocking brutes, some of these chimney sweeps! Ought to be sent to gaol!"

She said impulsively, "Yes, that is what I have been telling Lord Bridlington, only he seems not to have the least understanding!"

"Arabella!" implored Lady Bridlington. "Lord Fleetwood can have no interest in such matters."



"Oh, I assure you, ma'am," said his lordship, "I am interested in anything that interests Miss Tallant. Rescued the child, did you? Well, upon my soul, I call it a devilish fine thing to do! Not as though he was a taking brat, either!"

"What does that signify?" said Arabella contemptuously. "I wonder how taking, my lord, you or I should be had we been brought up from infancy by a drunken foster mother, sold while still only babies to a brutal master and forced into a hateful trade!"

Mr. Beaumaris moved quietly to a chair a little removed from the group in the centre of the room and stood leaning his hands on the back of it, his eyes still fixed on Arabella's face.

"No, no! Exactly so!" hastily said Lord Fleetwood.

Lord Bridlington chose, unwisely, to intervene at this point. "No doubt it is just as you say, ma'am, but this is hardly a topic for my mother's sitting-room! Let me beg of you—"

Arabella turned on him like a flash, her eyes bright with tears, her voice unsteady with indignation.

"I will not be silenced!" she said. "It is a topic that should be discussed in every Christian lady's sitting-room! Oh, I mean no disrespect, ma'am. You have not thought—you cannot have thought! Had you seen the wounds on this child's body, your heart must have been touched!"

"Yes, but Arabella, my heart is touched!" protested her afflicted godmother. "Only I don't want a page and he is much too young and such an ugly little thing. Besides, the sweep will very likely claim him."

"You may make your mind easy on that score, ma'am. His master will never dare to lay claim to him, for I told him he is in danger of being taken before a magistrate. Why, he cringed at the very word, and backed himself out of the house as fast as he could."

Mr. Beaumaris spoke at last. "Did you

Mr. Beaumaris watched in mixed chagrin and amusement as Arabella walked off with another partner.

confront the sweep, Miss Tallant?" he asked an odd smile flickering on his lips.

"Certainly I did," she replied, her glance resting on him for an indifferent moment.

Lady Bridlington was suddenly inspired. "He must go to the Parish, of course! William, you will know how to set about it!"

"No, no, he must not," Arabella declared. "That would be worse than anything, for what will they do with him, do you suppose, but set him to the only trade he knows? Oh, if only it were not so far, I would send him to Papa."

She turned pleadingly to William. "Lord Bridlington, surely you would not condemn a child to such a life as he endured? You say so much!"

"Of course he wouldn't," declared Fleetwood rashly. "Now come, Bridlington!"

FIFTH INSTALMENT OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

Please turn to page 8

So safe

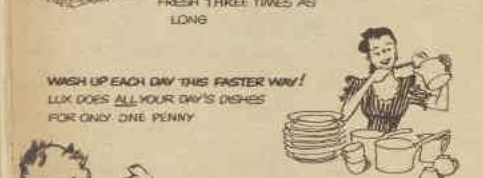
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to use it
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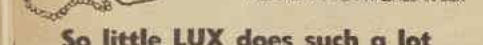
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WILLIAM said, stiffly, "But why should I intervene? Besides, what could I do with the brat? It's the greatest piece of nonsense I ever had to listen to."

"Lord Fleetwood, will you take Jimmy?" Arabella turned to him beseechingly.

His lordship was appalled. "Well, I don't think—you see, ma'am—fact of the matter is... Dash it, Lady Bridlington's right! The Parish! That's the thing!"

"Unworthy, Richard!" said Mr. Beaumaris.

The much goaded Lord Bridlington rounded on him. "Then, if that is what you think, Beaumaris, perhaps you will take the wretched brat!"

Mr. Beaumaris, looking across the room at Arabella, astonished the company, and himself as well. "Yes," he said. "I will."

Arabella stared at him in amazement. "You?" she said.

A rather rueful smile twisted his lips. "Why not?" he said.

Her eyes searched his face. "What would you do with him?" she demanded.

"I haven't the smallest notion," he confessed. "I hope you may be going to tell me what I am to do with him, Miss Tallant."

"If I let you take him, would you throw him on the Parish, like Lord Fleetwood?" she demanded sharply.

"I have a great many faults," replied Mr. Beaumaris, "but, believe me, you may trust my pledged word. I will neither throw him on the Parish nor restore him to his master."

"You must be mad!" exclaimed William.

"You would naturally think so," said Mr. Beaumaris, flicking him one of his disdainful glances.

Arabella said in a softened voice, "If you mean it indeed, sir, you will be doing the very kindest thing—perhaps the best thing you have ever done, and, oh, I thank you!"

"Certainly the best thing I have ever done, Miss Tallant," he said, with that wry smile.

"What will you do with him?" she asked again. "You must not be thinking that I mean you to adopt him as your own, or anything of that nature. He must be brought up to a respectable trade, only I do not know what would be the best for him."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Beaumaris, "he has views of his own on the subject. What, Jimmy, would you choose to do?"

"Yes, what would you like to do when you are a man?" said Arabella, turning to kneel beside the little climbing boy's chair, and speaking in a coaxing tone. "Tell me!"

Jimmy had no very clear idea of what this was all about, but his quick cockney mind had grasped that none of these swells, not even the stout, cross one, intended any harm to him. He answered his protectress without hesitation. "Give ole Grimsby a leveller!"

"Yes, my dear, and so you shall, and I hope you will do the same by everyone like him," said Arabella warmly. "But how would you choose to earn your living?"

Mr. Beaumaris' lips twitched appreciatively. So the little Tallant had brothers, had she?

Lady Bridlington was look-

Arabella

Continued from page 7

ing bewildered and her son disgusted. Lord Fleetwood, accepting Arabella's unconsciously betrayed knowledge of boxing cant without question, gave it as his opinion that the boy was not the right build for a bruiser.

"Of course not," said Arabella. "Think, Jimmy! What could you do, do you suppose?"

The urchin reflected, while the company awaited his pleasure. "Sweep a crossing," he announced at last. "I could 'old the gen'lmen's 'orses, then."

"Hold the gentlemen's horses?" repeated Arabella. Her eyes brightened. "Are you fond of horses, Jimmy?"

Jimmy nodded vigorously. Arabella looked round in triumph. "Then I know the very thing," she said, "particularly since it is you who are to take charge of him, Mr. Beaumaris."

Mr. Beaumaris waited in deep foreboding for the blow to fall.

"He must learn to look after horses, and then, as soon as he is a little older, you may employ him as your tiger," said Arabella radiantly.

Mr. Beaumaris, whose views on the folly of entrusting bloodstock to the guardianship of small boys were as unequivocal as they were well known, replied without a tremor, "To be sure I may. The future now being provided for—"

LADY BRIDLINGTON broke in to say quite firmly, "That child is far too young to be a tiger."

Arabella's face fell. "Yes, he is," she said regretfully. "Yet it would be the very thing for him, if only we knew what to do with him in the meantime."

"I think," said Mr. Beaumaris, "that in the meantime I had better convey him to my own house and place him in the charge of my housekeeper, pending further discussion between us, Miss Tallant."

He was rewarded with a glowing look.

"I did not know you could be so kind," said Arabella. "It is a splendid notion, for the poor little fellow needs plenty of good food, and I am sure he must get it in your house. Listen, Jimmy, you are to go with this gentleman, who is to be your new master, and be a good boy and do as he bids you!"

Jimmy, clutching a fold in her dress, was understood to say that he preferred to remain with her. She bent over him, patting his shoulder.

"No, you cannot stay with me, my dear, and I am sure you would not like it half so well if you could, for you must know that he has a great many horses and will very likely let you see them. Did you come here in your currie, sir?"

Mr. Beaumaris bowed. "Well, there, do you hear that, Jimmy?" said Arabella, in a heartening tone. "You are to drive away in a carriage, behind a pair of beautiful grey horses!"

"I am driving my chestnuts to-day," said Mr. Beaumaris apologetically. "I am so sorry, but I feel I should perhaps mention it."

"You did very right," said

Arabella approvingly. "One should never tell untruths to children. Chestnuts, Jimmy; glossy brown horses! How grand you will feel sitting up behind them!"

Apparently the urchin felt that there was much in what she said. He released her gown and directed his sharp gaze upon his new owner.

"Proper good 'uns?" he asked suspiciously.

"Proper good 'uns," corroborated Mr. Beaumaris gravely. Jimmy slid from the chair. "You ain't stummin' me? You won't go agivin' of me back to ole Grimsby?"

"No, I won't do that. Come and take a look at my horses."

Jimmy hesitated, glancing up at Arabella, who at once took his hand and said, "Yes, let us go and see them!"

When Jimmy beheld the equipage being led up and down the street, his eyes widened and he drew a shuddering breath of ecstasy.

"That's a bang-up set-out, that is," he said. "Will I drive them 'orses, guv'nor?"

"You will not," said Mr. Beaumaris. "You may sit up beside me, however."

"Yessir!" said Jimmy, recognising the voice of authority.

"Up with you, then!" Mr. Beaumaris said, lifting him into the currie. He turned and found that Arabella was holding her hand out to him. He took it in his and held it for a moment.

"I wish I might find the words to thank you," she said. "You will let me know how he goes on."

"You may rest easy on that head, Miss Tallant," he said, bowing. He took the reins in his hand and mounted into the carriage, looking down maliciously at Lord Fleetwood, who had accompanied them out of the house and was just taking his leave of Arabella. "Come, Richard!"

Lord Fleetwood started, and said hurriedly, "No, no; I'll walk! No need to worry about me, my dear fellow!"

"Come, Richard!" repeated Mr. Beaumaris gently.

Lord Fleetwood, aware of Arabella's eyes upon him, sighed and said, "Oh, very well!" and climbed into the currie, wedging Jimmy between himself and Mr. Beaumaris.

Mr. Beaumaris, at this stage, would have been chary of confiding in anyone the precise nature of his intentions. He was by no means sure that he knew what they were himself, but he was certainly aware that when confronted by the vision of Arabella fighting for the future of her unattractive protégé, he had undergone an enlightenment so blinding as almost to deprive him of his senses.

No consideration of the conduct to be expected of a delicately nurtured female had stopped her. She knew no discomfort when two gentlemen of fashion had arrived to find her embroiled in the concerns of an urchin far beneath the notice of any aspirant to social heights.

No, by heaven, thought Mr. Beaumaris exultantly, she showed us what she thought of such frippery fellows as we are! We might have gone to the devil for all she cared.

Please turn to page 39

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS
A DEODORANT
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BOY-PROTEX MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.



REGULAR
SIZE
BATH SIZE



As Melton shouted, "It's a fire!" the other two sprang into action.

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Dunlop

Visibility ZERO

By RICHARD THORNTON

Youth's quick reactions and the experience of age — both were under vital test in this crisis.

thought to himself. After he had laughed, Eddie sensed the young man's embarrassment.

"Sorry, son," he said. "Anyway, welcome to Apollo Air Lines. With twenty-five years and one day of experience between us, I think we should be able to get her to Chicago."

"I guess so, sir," the first officer said, and Eddie winked at him.

The dispatch office of Apollo Air Lines was a scene of activity. Jim Tally, an old-time mail pilot, was dispatching the graveyard shift. He sat behind a desk, surrounded by telephones. He caught Eddie's eye and beckoned to him. Eddie nodded, then turned to Irvine, who stood at his elbow.

"Make out a flight plan," he said. "We'll take the airway at 19,000. I'll check with you in a few minutes."

As he walked towards Tally, Eddie was conscious of a faint misgiving. Rumors were Jim Tally's meat. If anyone had heard about the poor hood-check, it would be Jim.

"What's on your narrow little mind to-night?" Eddie said, sitting on the edge of the dispatcher's desk.

Tally gave Goram a sly upward glance. "It'll keep for a minute," he said. "Chicago weather's marginal for your arrival; or have you bothered to look at the forecast?"

"Haven't you anything nastier than weather to talk about?"

"Weather can get pretty nasty," Tally said, "especially for old goats like you."

Goram winced inwardly. He looked away from Tally, then forced himself to meet the dispatcher's eyes again.

"There's a stationary front south

of course that's likely to kick up some over-running stuff. Thought you'd like to know about it," Tally went on.

"Thanks. Is that all?" Eddie stood up.

"No," Tally said. "Sit down, take it easy. Tell me, what's all this I hear about you blowing another hood-check yesterday?"

A defensive anger welled within Eddie. "You're in the wrong business, Jim," he said. You ought to develop a bark and turn blood hound."

"Maybe," Tally said, "but it don't take a bloodhound to see when a guy's all through. Why don't you toss in the towel before you kill somebody, like I did? I been watching you, Eddie. You quit real flyin' when they raised you up off the section line."

Eddie fought for control. He hadn't expected this candid outburst. "You've got hide," he said "telling me what to do."

Tally chuckled, and went on. "Remember when they tied the cat to me, Eddie? Remember how screamed to high heaven about being robbed? It's hard to convince yourself that you can no longer do the things you've been doing regular for half your life. It may not make sense but it's true."

Eddie stood up. "Very interesting," he said. He walked away to join the first officer. He could hear Tally's soft chuckle behind him.

"It's not like the old single-engined days," the young manager had said to him. "This modern equipment's big; it's fast . . . call for fast judgment, good reflexes."

Please turn to page 10

At eleven p.m. the telephone rang and Captain Eddie Goram found it in the dark and answered it sleepily. It was the San Francisco flight dispatcher telling him that his trip to Chicago would depart on time, and that the station wagon would pick him up at the hotel in thirty minutes.

Goram said "O.K.," and hung up. Then he switched on the bed light and lay back with his hands under his head, and presently the old, familiar heaviness settled in his chest again, and his heart began hammering against it the way it does when you wake up to discover that you haven't been dreaming after all. That you really are all washed-up, not just dreaming. They've told you so, remember? You're a problem. You're too old. Flying's for young men. Can't fly for ever, you know.

Eddie Goram slid his legs over the side of his bed, and went off to the bathroom. Mechanically he switched on the light and turned on the hot water in the basin.

Until yesterday Eddie had never thought of himself as old. His head had not been old; nor his heart. All that was changed now. A young man had changed it for him. The young man was his flight manager.

"Let's face it, Eddie," the flight manager had said to him yesterday in the office, after the unsatisfactory flight check was over. "This thing happens to all of us sooner or later. We get older, we begin to lose our co-ordination, our thinking slows down. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Eddie for the first time felt the force of discouragement that is so often part of age. A vagrant thought whispered, Take it easy. Everybody busts a hood-check once in a while. It'll all blow over. But he knew better. This one wouldn't blow over. They'd hang him on this one.

When he had shaved and showered, Eddie returned to the bedroom and began methodically to dress. The letter of resignation which he had written before going to bed lay unfolded on the writing desk. He walked over to it and re-read it as he tied his necktie: "Because of circumstances beyond my control, I request the acceptance of my resignation from Apollo Air Lines, effective immediately. Edward G. Goram." The finality of it provoked a long sigh. Quickly he addressed an envelope, inserted the letter and stuffed the envelope into his hip pocket.

At 11.25 Eddie checked out of the hotel. He resisted the impulse

to mail the letter. Not yet, one of his thoughts said. Wait.

Through the revolving door Eddie saw the company station wagon pull up at the hotel entrance. He could see the two stewardesses beside the driver.

On the way out Eddie wondered how best to conceal his humiliation. There was no reason why any of the crew should be aware of his problem, but he could not be sure. One of the stewardesses was looking at him through the window. She was laughing. He could not hear what she was saying, but she was laughing and looking at him.

The engineer and the first officer were in the rear seat. They moved over and Eddie crowded in beside them. Melton, the engineer, was also an old employee of the company, having risen from ground mechanic to his present position. He said, "Hi, Eddie," and gave him a friendly thump on the shoulder. It made Eddie feel better; made him grin.

The first officer was a new man, named Al Irvine. Fine-looking chap, well built—a man of about twenty-two. This was to be his first trip on the airline, he said. The situation amused Eddie and he chuckled aloud. The newest and the oldest, he

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RIDING in the

crew bus to the terminal, Eddie kept thinking about Jim Tally. He remembered how the two of them used to fly the mail in small ships. Jim had flown too long. He was getting along in years when he had his crash in which the lone passenger had died. A younger man's reflexes would have prevented it, the company said.

It was while taxiing down the strip for take-off that Eddie felt, for the first time in his career, a warning of ebbing confidence. The palms of his hands were moist around wheel and throttle. A pervading lethargy attacked his arms and legs.

Suppose they were right? Suppose he was too old?

The end of the taxi strip loomed darkly ahead. Through his carphones Eddie heard Ground Control giving him his airways clearance to the Chicago airport.

"Clearance correct," the Ground Control operator said. "You're cleared for take-off when ready."

"The check list is all completed, sir," young Irvine said.

"Engines suit you, engineer?"

"Roger."

The lights of San Francisco were a golden slick upon the sea of fog below. Irvine reported their time off the airport and tuned in the Sacramento range. Then he leaned back to his seat and grinned broadly at Captain Goram. Life was indeed beginning for young Al Irvine.

Eddie smiled back. Something about the kid's expression took him back many years. The feeling must be the same for every man who has flown. It defies description. It becomes a part of you and so remains until you die.

"Will you have a cigarette, sir?"

"I don't smoke," Eddie said.

"Mind if I do, sir?"

"No." The direction-finder needle turned over the Sacramento range station. A string of small towns made a twinkling trail towards Donner's Summit. They were still climbing. The four engines growled in perfect synchronisation.

"How many flying hours have you, Captain Goram?" Young Irvine's voice came out of the dark red glow of the cockpit.

"He's got more hours in the air than some folks have on earth," the engineer, Melton, said. He was sitting between the two pilots on a jump seat.

"Don't listen to him, Irvine," Goram said. "I'm the same age as most actors claim, thirty-nine."

At 19,000 feet a west wind drove them across the earth at over 300 miles an hour. The gyro-pilot held the ship on her course, while Irvine operated his radio and flight log; while engineer Melton pored over his forms by the glow of a pencil flashlight; while Captain Eddie Goram dwelt desultorily upon the past, present, and future of Captain Eddie Goram.

Twenty-five years of flying. Twenty-seven thousand hours aloft. Four million miles of travel by aeroplane. And now, they had told him, it was time to quit.

The ship sat very still high in its black void while the

world turned beneath it. The engineer shifted the fuel tanks; made notes upon his printed forms. The light of day began, finally, to pale the eastern horizon. Distant clouds took form in the still-dark south.

The first officer was asleep. He was missing a part of his maiden voyage. But he was young. Let him sleep.

Eddie made the position report over Omaha for him.

"The kid's bushed," Melton grinned.

Eddie glanced at the sky. The overcast was only a few hundred feet above them. Blobs of vapor whipped over their wings and momentarily plastered the windshield into opaqueness. There were brief intervals of chopiness in the air. Finally a lower under-cast appeared, merged with the higher clouds and blotted out the earth.

Eddie glanced at the outside temperature gauge and turned on the de-icing equipment.

"Pull on some carburettor heat," he said to Melton. "It looks like a good day for ice."

Irvine awoke with a start and looked sheepishly about him.

EDDIE smiled at him. Nice kid, he thought. Make a good pilot. Knows how to relax.

"Sorry I dropped off, sir," Irvine said.

"O.K.," Eddie said, and his mind went back immediately to what the flight manager was saying to him yesterday, "I find myself worrying about you when you're out on a trip. I get to wondering how you'd react under a real emergency. If anything happened, I'd blame myself, not you."

The air was quite rough now and filled with the violent ingredients of storm. The big ship drove through it, her great propellers churning the ice-laden atmosphere.

"Irvine," Eddie said quickly, "better get airways clearance to start down." The first officer did not answer him.

A startled look had come to his face. The same reaction had seized the others. Their tension was palpable as the unmistakable, acrid odor of burning electrical insulation pervaded the cockpit. There were seconds during which all three

Visibility Zero

Continued from page 9

remained transfixed by their common discovery. Then, as if by mechanical release, each man shed his momentary fixity, collected his wits, and moved into action.

"It's a fire!" Melton gasped, pivoting on his seat and leaping into the companionway. "It's coming out of the voltage regulators!"

"Hit the master electrical switch!" Eddie yelled to Irvine. He turned to Melton. "Put on your smoke mask before you tackle the fire!"

Methodically, each man went through his prescribed emergency procedure. Smoke masks were donned. All electrical power was shut down. Hydraulic pressure was relieved. Depressurisation of the aeroplane was begun, while Eddie, instituting emergency descent, dropped the ship down to an altitude where oxygen would not be needed for breathing.

Meanwhile Melton had tripped the voltage-regulator door and sprayed fire-extinguisher liquid into the smouldering blaze that had gutted the regulating heart of the ship's electrical supply.

The entire process took less than three minutes. The fire was extinguished almost immediately, and with the forward entrance door opened the smoke was quickly evacuated.

Eddie levelled off at 14,000 feet, removed his mask and hung it up. The sharp smell of burned insulation still lingered pungently in the cockpit. Perspiration streamed down Eddie's face, but the thundering of blood in his temples began to subside.

Melton was climbing back on to his jump seat. Eddie turned to him. "How bad is it?" he asked.

Melton lit a cigarette with trembling hands. "The compartment blower's out. That's what made the regulators over-heat and catch fire," he replied.

"No chance of getting the juice back?"

"Not a chance. The wiring's completely shot."

"That's what I was afraid of," Eddie said. He pursed his lips into a noiseless whistle. "Well, you'd better go back

and give the stewardesses the lowdown. They'll have a million questions to ask."

"What'll I tell them, Eddie?" Melton said. "We've no radio, and here we are in the soup. What're you going to do?"

The huge plane droned confidently through the turbulent, cloud-congested sky. That she had been stripped of her homing devices by a prank of fate was not her concern. Her job was simply to keep her precious cargo aloft. Human hands would guide her to her destination.

"We're going into Chicago, contact," Eddie said without hesitation. "Tell them there's nothing to worry about."

"Are you kidding?" Melton grinned.

"Beat it," Eddie said. He turned to Irvine. "What was the last weather you got?"

"I heard the tail end of one over Moline," Irvine said. "Chicago was 400 feet and a mile visibility. Moline was 200 and a half; Omaha was down to 300 and two, with fog."

Eddie nodded. "O.K.," he said. "Run through the approach-descent check and set me up for landing. I'm going down."

"You mean we're going into Chicago with only 400 feet and without a radio?" Irvine stammered.

"What would you suggest?" Goram said. "That we just sit up here till the storm blows over?"

"Sorry, sir."

Eddie looked into the youth's blanched face and smiled. "Take it easy, son," he said. "We're O.K." He glanced at the ship's clock. A quick calculation told him that they should reach Aurora in about eight minutes. He turned ninety degrees off his heading and flew northerly for three minutes, turning south-east again at an altitude of 8000 feet. Thereafter he continued a more normal rate of descent.

"Keep your eye peeled for the ground," Eddie called to Irvine. "I expect to break out over the Fox River. Look for a town straddling it."

Thinking about yesterday, Eddie bore no malice towards his flight manager. He was right. Comparing him to a young hot pilot was like comparing a lumber waggon to a limousine. Old buzzards like him were just gumming up the business.

"I see the ground, sir!" Irvine shouted. "There's a river dividing a town!"

Eddie glanced out the window. "That's Aurora," he said. "We'll be in in about seven minutes. Watch my altitude; don't let me get below 300 feet."

Eddie headed the big plane to the north, picked up the Burlington tracks, and headed east again. Melton reappeared and took his seat between the two pilots. He made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, held it up for Goram to see, and winked to indicate that all was well in the cabin.

"Just passed Aurora!" Eddie shouted to him. "Watch for a tall church steeple on the right-hand side of the tracks. That'll be Naperville."

"Roger!"

Please turn to page 38



Are you tired, Mr. Millikan?

WITHOUT straining her ears, Miss O'Donnell listened. She could hear the man on the other side of the double doors moving about, getting his supper. Faint clash of tinware like cymbals out of tune, the melancholy ring of china; she could even hear the spurt of the burner when he lighted it. Silence then for several minutes, then the small sounds of eating; after that silence again.

Some time later she would hear him talking to himself.

"Are you tired, Mr. Millikan?" he would ask.

"I am a little," he would answer. "Yes."

"Don't you think you ought to go to bed?" "Mum..." he would say as though weighing the question. And after a few moments, "I think I will."

It seldom varied, this curious nightly monologue. Each time she heard it, it made Miss O'Donnell smile. She would pause with her teacup in her hand, her head tilted towards the door, and when he had finished she would sip contentedly.

She felt a warm glow of triumph. It proved what she had always known—that men were unable to cope with life alone.

At thirty-nine, she had come to take pride in her spinsterhood, in her ability to live alone and deal with the world on her own terms.

It amused her to think of Mr. Millikan's being forced through inner weakness to talk to himself, and sometimes—simply for amusement's sake—she would move her chair closer to the door in order to hear better.

"Another helping of vegetables?" she would hear him say.

"Why not, Mr. Millikan?" he would answer.

Miss O'Donnell's house was a big one. In the mornings she dusted the banisters and the window sills and swept the porch. Once a week she polished the brass.

She bustled about, humming to herself, and if the sun was shining she might go and stand for a moment in the warm-colored light of the stained-glass window at the head of the stairs. Her eyes closed, she would remember herself, standing there as a child, and she would smile, a little sadly perhaps, because those good days were gone forever—but she would smile.

Of late, though, the smile had been difficult to manage. The weather, perhaps. The news. She didn't know. So she was glad, in a way, that she had converted the back parlor for Mr. Millikan. At odd moments during the day little trills of laughter escaped her lips. He was so absurd. He was a chemist, a quietly dressed, rather shy man, with eyes that seemed to want to twinkle but lacked courage. The large firm he worked for had transferred him to this neighborhood.

Dr. Whiteside, he said, had suggested he might find a room here.

"A room?" she had asked, astonished. What could Dr. Whiteside have been thinking of? He knew she had never taken in roomers. But something had made her hesitate.

Just before he rang, she had been standing in the colored light, trying to remember herself as a child, but the remembrance somehow wasn't there, wasn't quite right. She had opened the door and let Mr. Millikan in.

Naturally, it was out of the question to let him have one of the family bedrooms. She'd offered him the back parlor instead and he'd accepted it.

The following night she heard him talk. She was drinking her tea when she heard his voice questioning and answering. She put the cup down sharply and stared. Of all things, her first impulse was to go to him at once and ask him to find another room.

Three months ago she would have done it. But now the impulse wavered, melted away. Instead she listened curiously.

The first few times she wasn't able to make out what he said. Then she grew used to his voice, and the words came clearer. She began to look forward to his return in the evenings; after a while she found herself waiting impatiently for the comical and satisfying scene to repeat itself.

It had its serious side, too. Once, for instance, he said, "You've saved a little money,



Mr. Millikan. Have you ever thought of opening out on your own?"

"Why, yes," he replied thoughtfully. "I have."

"Well, why don't you?"

There was a pause and then he said, "I don't know. I really don't know."

It seemed to be a very painful answer, as though his mind had turned it over laboriously.

But you should, she wanted to say to him. For a day or two she thought of speaking to him about it, but then she laughed and put the notion aside. It was none of her business. Besides, he never spoke of it again after that one time. He took up the old refrain: his nightly conversation that had come to signal her own day's end.

She would turn out the light and lie in the darkness with her eyes open, a little self-congratulatory smile on her face.

Weeks passed. The weather grew bright and varied. It was unsettling weather, but Miss O'Donnell found her own strict routine reassuring. She met Mr. Millikan on the landing in the hallway when she was dusting; occasionally, on her way shopping, she passed him on the street.

He was always polite, tipping his hat, his eyes seeking hers without courage. When he was out of hearing she would put her hand to her mouth to suppress a giggle.

Then one night she made a strange pot of tea. There was twice as much tea as there should have been. She looked at it, puzzled. She had never done a thing like that before in her life, and it frightened her a little. Tightening her lips firmly, she took it up at once, took it to the sink and poured half of it away.

That night and the next she deliberately refrained from listening to Mr. Millikan. But this was ridiculous. Anyone might have made the same mistake. Finally she laughed at her own foolishness, and moved her chair to its usual place.

But a few nights later it happened again. She went to lift the pot and found it strangely heavy. Miss O'Donnell sat there very stiffly, staring at the wall. She listened irritably to her heart beating. Twice in one week. She

was certainly making a great fool of herself.

Well, she knew what she had to do. He had to go. Things were getting out of hand. She went straight to Mr. Millikan's door, and knocked sharply.

"Mr. Millikan," she said as he opened it, "I shall have to ask you to—"

"I shall have to ask you to—"

"I shall have to ask you to—"

"I shall have to ask you to—"

she stared at him in dumb surprise. He knew. And Dr. Whiteside had known it, too. She was lonely. It was loneliness that had taken her hand and misguided it in that revealing way.

"Do—do I seem lonely?" she asked timidly.

"Sometimes," he said. There was anxiety in his eyes, the urgent wish not to offend. "I've seen you on the landing, and sometimes it seemed as though you wanted to speak to me, to say something..."

It was embarrassing. And yet it was delightful. She felt herself smiling, and she drew back a little to let him accompany her to the front parlor.

"I do have something to say," she said.

"I've just made some tea. Won't you join me?"

(Copyright)

By Eli Waldron

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

OF THAT EARLY WORLD

STILL holding the week-old newspaper, Virginia said firmly, "Don't be stupid! Of course you must go!"

Howard, her husband, lit his pipe and looked towards the launch. "I'd certainly like to!" His face, tanned and reddened to strong contrast with his fair hair, almost bleached eyebrows, and clipped moustache, was eager but hesitant. "If I could be sure you'd be all right..."

She knew there was not the slightest doubt in his mind that she would be all right. He was used to the wilderness and to loneliness in the wilderness in half the jungles of the world, and it was one of his jokes that the farthest away from civilization you got, the safer you were. His concern was simply for the fact that she was less familiar with it, and he did not yet know how many silly notions she might still have about solitude.

What he was actually saying to her was, "Are you sure you won't be silly and scared?" Because he loved her, he would not have her frightened, no matter how foolish he might think it.

She said, "Run along. You'll be back to-morrow night."

He was pleased with her. "I would hate to miss Dr. Halsted... If we'd only known sooner, we could have got someone to look after the things."

She pushed him towards the boat. "We didn't know. Scram! Happy snails, darling."

For it was a conference on liguus, the brilliant and beautiful tree snails, that he wished to attend. They had learned of it only in the copy of the paper she held, and he would just have time to get to Miami by taking the launch to the Overseas Highway and catching the bus.

They could not leave the camp untended, for Howard's cameras and specimens represented thousands of pounds and months of labor. And passing fishermen might be tempted by a deserted camp. So far as personal danger went, there wasn't any. It was absurd of her to feel this inward sinking at the thought of being alone. She thought: What did you expect, my girl, when you married a naturalist?

Certainly Virginia could have expected no greater happiness than he had given her. He was all she had dreamed: a fine man, a truly unselfish man. Simply because she had seen that other paragraph in the paper that he had not noticed, she was not going to deprive him of one of the very occasional things that he did want for himself, if the thing he wanted was the rather bizarre treat of a conference on snails!

Starting the launch, he said approvingly, "I know how to pick 'em when it comes to wives." He leaned over to kiss her where she stood in the dinghy. Then the propeller turned in the blue-green transparency and the launch began to slide away. He waved, "Take care of yourself."

She shouted derisively, "Have a slug for me!" They waved companionably. Then the launch was a diminishing blot and she poled back towards the Cape. Franz, their huge, newly bought and lion-colored

mastiff, was sitting at the ripple-line, waiting for her.

Virginia said, "Well, Franz, we're on our own." Franz gave a bark like the booming of a small cannon. Then she turned from the evening radiance of the Bay of Florida and the thousand miles of open ocean towards the west, to look earnestly at the towering mangrove forest that backed the splendid beach.

Her hackles slowly rose until a stiff fin of hair stood up along her back, and she growled deeply and worriedly. Virginia, standing in the last flame of the sun where she had pulled the dinghy up, experienced a sudden chill. She said "That's right. Take advantage of it and scare me to death."

The big dog moved her position slightly, her eyes still intent on the great wall of distant foliage; and this time she rumbled through all her body. She even showed signs of starting off to investigate the thing that had annoyed her. Virginia said, "Oh no, you don't. You stay with me."

And she snapped the lead on Franz's collar. Her hands were shaking as she chained and locked the dinghy to the huge, half-buried hardwood root that told of some past hurricane. Gradually Franz's hair smoothed and she indicated that the danger had retreated. Virginia jeered, "What was it? A field mouse?"

They had not owned Franz long enough for the deep and passionate affection of dog and master to have arisen between them, but their relations were cordial. Virginia patted Franz, and felt comfort in the broad and beautiful back. Then she unrolled the newspaper again and re-read the paragraph she had not shown to Howard.

"Wilson, on his way to Miami to be tried for the brutal murder of Miss Parks last November, escaped from the police car while Deputy Nolan was changing a flat tyre on the Tamiami Trail last night. Wilson struck Deputy Nolan with the back of an axe from the toolbox, obtained the keys of the handcuffs, but was interrupted by the approach of a car before he secured the unconscious Deputy's gun."

"Police Chief Hammond says that there is almost no chance that the fugitive can elude capture, and posers are now combing the Everglades. Deputy Nolan is reported to be improving at the Memorial Hospital."

Virginia's mind considered the paragraph carefully. It did not say in what direction the man had fled, and there was a great deal of Everglades. There was nothing but her own cowardice to suggest that he might have come towards the wild land of the Cape. Wherever he was, he did not have a gun, but he did have an axe.

Well, she had Franz and a good revolver. The paper was a week old. The man was probably safely behind bars long before this. Women in the past had stood off hostile Indians while their husbands went about their business. She had not been going to stop Howard from attending his conference just because a week ago a murderer had broken loose forty miles away!

But she wished that Franz had not growled, and that, as a result of it, she, too, had not felt the watching quality of the mangroves.

Carefully gathering the day's specimens from the boat and arranging them in the carrying basket, Virginia tried to turn her mind to the beauty and wonder of the place and its ancient mysteries which had captured even her untrained interest.

On the snowy beaches, storms flung rare and vivid shells, so that at times the frail white angels' wings were heaped in ricks. Thousands of islands were woven with green channels. Abandoned Indian camps were still marked by patches of the small and sweetly delicious Indian pumpkins. Ancient shell mounds and platforms held remains of primitive and beautiful pottery, the skeletons of lost peoples, occasionally bright trade beads brought in by the mailed Spaniards; certain of the mounds being so vast as to form islands of many acres and the flat country's sole notable elevations above sea-level.

Because they were self preserving, their exact age could not be guessed, but Howard had once laughed and said that if some catastrophe wiped out modern man, an archaeologist ages hence might find them better preserved than the crumbled remnants of great cities and believe that they post-dated the white man and his cities.

Earlier still, great creatures of the early world had ranged here, driven southward by the advance of the glaciers in the ice ages. And she wondered if weak man, his further southward progress blocked by the seas, had found himself oppressed and terrified by their numbers and their savagery.

HOWARD had a great respect for man of that early world, a weak creature, perhaps newly descended from the trees to walk upright, confronted by a ravaging world of monsters whose strength and size surpassed his by hundreds to one, yet already armed with the frail spark that would make him master of the stars: the ability to reason and to dream.

"Think of him, Virginia!" Howard had said. "Such a little fellow, no armor-plated scales, no foot-long fangs or yard-long tusks, no weight to shake the forests as he passed—and facing a world of fang and tusk and claw that struck at him in the dark and swooped at him from the air and gnashed at him from the sea! He'd have given up if he hadn't known even then that he had the thing to beat them all, if he just thought hard enough."

At the moment, this still existing world of sea and jungle was perhaps more beautiful than she had ever seen it. The Gulf of Mexico wave its surface softly like colored silk, but at her feet the water turned clearly blue to reveal the alternately wavering and darting passage of fish, the wash of whose fins struck up little puffs of snowy sand.

She knew that about their camp, which was on the prairie edge beyond the belt of mangrove forest, there would be the whisper of wind across a swamp that was

pure and fresh as a mountain pool, wonderful with ancient life.

Shaking off her fears, she shouldered the cameras and specimens, picked up her sack of crawfish for supper, and started for the mangrove wall, through a quarter of a mile of which the trail passed. Her feet and the feet of the dog made a clean crunching in the purity of the sand. It was no wonder that Howard so loved such places. It was absurd to be alarmed because the nearest settlement was ten miles away and unreachable save by boat! She even tried to take a scientific interest in her sensations. In her husband's presence, the mangrove forest was simply mysterious and interesting, the loneliness delightful.

Just because she was for the first time in her life absolutely alone, cut off from all human contact, the twilight beach and glimmering sea spoke only of danger, and the mangrove wall seemed to watch her. Probably Franz, also being feminine, had reacted in the same way.

A hundred yards from the mangroves that were darkening with evening, she stopped to make sure the revolver in her belt was working smoothly and had not developed one of its sudden coats of rust. She smiled at the remoteness of her having to use it, but its presence and efficiency gave her a sense of confidence and courage. Franz's lead lay across the palm of her hand as she twirled the chamber of the revolver.

Suddenly, giving her a shock of terror, the lead began to race across her hand. She grabbed for the leather loop, missed it, and dropped the revolver into the powder-soft sand.

Scrambling to her feet, she grabbed up the sand-covered gun and called, "Franz!" but the dog was running low and fast towards the mangroves, breaking into a gallop interspersed with roaring barks as she went.

Virginia ran after her, and was perhaps seventy yards from the leafy entrance of the trail when there was a faint and leaf-muffled thump, a single short yelp, and silence.

Virginia stood shaking. Then she made herself call the dog, pinning her hope on Franz's reappearance. The sounds that had preceded silence had been so slight! But she knew that a shout or even a shot could hardly be heard from within that walled room of foliage. She knew that the thump had been a blow; the yelp, Franz's dying cry of agony.

An electric prickling covered her body from her feet to her scalp. It was not in itself an unpleasant sensation, but she knew that terror was on its heels. Something had happened to Franz. What? She had heard that there were still panthers in the area, and there might even be bears for all she knew. Perhaps Franz had tangled with one of them? But she knew that this was merely hope, for she would not be so frightened of bear or panther. Her mind said of the hardly audible thump: an axe.

Virginia thought clearly. She could reach the boat and be at sea before anything came out of the mangroves towards

She could not see him.... but she knew he was lurking in the swamps

By Dorothy Cottrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

her. She could be safe. But she could not run without even trying to learn what had happened to Franzy. The dog might still be writhing in agony; it might even still be possible to save Franzy, who had been trying to defend her. . . . Nor could she desert the camp, perhaps to have it ravaged and wretchedly burned.

She shook the revolver to free it of sand and wiped it roughly against her slacks, then, holding it in her hand, she moved towards the mangroves.

She thought, "At least I'll never be more frightened than this! If I get through this, I'll at least know that I can take it!"

After the first few feet, where the leaves brushed her shoulders, the forest opened below because of its own density. She waited until her eyes were adjusted to the faint light that was green at noon but leaden now. Then she went slowly forward, studying every trunk, every great air-root, every shadow before she passed it.

She called, "Franzy!" And here her voice had a distorted hollowness as if in a many-arched room. There was no answer save the muffled quality of stillness that is peculiar to forests.

She had expected to find Franzy's body on the trail, but soon she knew that she must have passed the place from which the sounds had come; that something must have pulled Franzy's body from the trail.

She continued to call boldly as if looking for the dog, but when she emerged from the labyrinth she knew that Franzy and the thing that had killed her were still in the wood. The relief of the light was incalculable, and while she hesitated for a moment as to whether she should still go back and search on either side of the trail for the dog, her reason told her that Franzy was beyond help.

She went through the little barren of scrub and rock and came out on the stretch of short grass that surrounded the camp. The air had the fading shine of gold wine, and to the north the marshes rippled in the evening wind . . .

Somewhere under the evening stars, Howard was happily and unknowingly on his way to Miami! And the impossibility of reaching him and her longing for the strength and safety of his presence almost unnerved her.

Then Virginia went into the tent that was big and comfortable, with its large canvas roofed screen porch and walls of screening. Behind it was the storeroom of solid canvas, lined with shelves for the equipment and specimens.

Please turn to page 37

The Australian Women's
Weekly, January 26, 1952
Page 12



EGGS

contain
every
food
element
baby
needs



still your
best food buy!

Leading specialists consistently recommend adding several drops of egg yolk to baby's bottle as the first step towards the educational diet. For the nursing mother, too, eggs provide every important food element required, including body-building protein, energy-rich fats, every known vitamin except Vitamin C, and every essential mineral, including iron, in a form that is readily assimilated by the system. Order extra eggs to-day!



WHAT NUTRITION EXPERTS SAY ABOUT EGGS . . .

One of the basic protective foods, eggs are actually twice as rich in protein as any other food, including lean red meat! In addition, eggs contain all the known vitamins (except Vitamin C) and every essential mineral! They are thus a particularly complete food, and for this reason alone should be served regularly in every home.

TO PROLONG FRESHNESS, STORE IN A COOL PLACE

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

E10-42

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 35

January 30, 1952

INCOME TAX ON TALENT

IN a world where virtue is all too often its only reward, it is gratifying to see outstanding national services recognised and recompensed.

A gift of money substantial enough to ensure financial independence is a practical expression of gratitude.

Such a case was the British Government's award of £12,000 sterling (£A15,000) to Dr. E. G. Bowen, the English radio-physicist, for his contribution to the development of radar.

Dr. Bowen came to Australia in 1944 on loan from the British Air Ministry to help radar development in the Pacific. He liked Australia so much that he decided to settle here with his family.

That, it now seems, was Dr. Bowen's hard luck.

For, while the British Government made a straight-out gift tax-free, the Australian Government had some churlish official doubts in the matter.

The news was no sooner announced than the taxation authorities here were reminding that income tax on the award would amount to between £A8750 and £A10,000.

It is shocking that there should ever have been any doubt whether the gift would be tax-free here.

Few people would have blamed Dr. Bowen if he decided to pack his bags and speed with his wife and three sons back to Britain.

The loss would have been Australia's.

Somehow, some way, our tax laws should be altered to ensure that people like Dr. Bowen can count on benefiting from such rewards of their services to the nation.

OUR COVER

... shows Maxine Morgan, of Mosman, New South Wales, the last in our series of undiscovered Australian beauties. Maxine is 18 years old and is a searcher in a Sydney surveyor's office. She was photographed by Mr. R. A. Gray, of Dugald Road, Mosman.

This week:

● Stirling Macoboy, whose pictures of Sydney Harbor appear on pages 20, 21, and 23, is a radio producer and script-writer with an advertising agency. He has made color photography his hobby for the past two years and spends nearly every week-end taking pictures. He gathered the harbor shots—those we have used and many others—in one week-end, planning out a rough itinerary first. He intends to go abroad shortly and will take a selection of his pictures with him to publicise Australian scenery.

● Readers with long memories will recall the great success of "The Singing Gold," the first book written by Australian Dorothy Cottrell, author of the short story "Of That Early World," on pages 12 and 13 of this issue. "The Singing Gold" was a story of life in Queensland, where the author lived as a child, and was first published in America as a serial in the late nineteen-twenties. Dorothy Cottrell has lived in Florida, U.S.A., for many years and her more recent books and short stories have their settings there. About three years ago we published a very popular serial of hers, also set in Florida, called "My Love Will Come."

Next week:

● The Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White will entertain Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip at dinner two days before the Royal couple leave England for the tour of Australia. In the next issue are color pictures of Stoke Lodge, the High Commissioner's official residence in London, where the dinner party will be given.

● Two pages in color show Australian girl swimmers and divers who are eagerly training, hoping for inclusion in this year's Olympic Games. Other features in color—fashions, a cookery page on main dishes to serve instead of meat, and some splendid shots from the technicolor film "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

IN "Lise Lillywhite," Margery Sharp tells a charming, sentimental, and funny story about the efforts of an elderly Frenchwoman to marry off her 17-year-old niece, Lise.

Miss Sharp is supremely skilful in her treatment of Tante Amelie, shrewd, suspicious, ruthless in her middle-class French respectability, endeavoring to impose on post-war London the social standards of her own youth.

There falls first to her matrimonial net Martin, a bachelor cousin from the Foreign Office.

Poor Martin serves his apprenticeship (to the rancor of his riotous ex-girl friend Chloe) taking Lise and Tante Amelie to Saturday matinees. Shakespeare, of course.

Then Lise is whisked off to the country near where 21-year-old Lord Mull is being coached for entrance to a tolerant agricultural college.

Lise creates a local scandal by helping the noble lord to run away to a remote Hebrides island, where he plans to spend his future fishing.

Martin is again admitted to Tante Amelie's graces, only to

be displaced by Count Stanislas Dombrowski, a former Polish fighter pilot and now a big-time London spiv, who falls for Lise's demure and heavily chaperoned beauty.

But Lise's heart has been won by a gangling school-master, who, despite the presence of some 20 youthful charges, has managed to pick her up at a Macbeth matinee.

"Lise Lillywhite" is published by Collins. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

SELDOM has there been a more astute, pitiless, and elegantly framed portrait of a predatory mother than that of the widowed

LISE LILLYWHITE
LOVING WITHOUT
TEARS

Angel in M. J. Farrell's "Loving Without Tears."

In a castle perched on the edge of an Irish cliff, youthful, charming Angel lives a vampire existence, feeding on the devotion and dependence of her family and servants.

It needs the homecoming from war of her adored son Julian with his tough little American fiancée, Sally, to crack the glass bell under which the members of Angel's enchanted circle lead their sleeping beauty lives.

Those who make their escape to the outside world are Slaney, Angel's 18-year-old daughter; Tiddley, Angel's orphaned niece and unpaid useful, and the romantic, card-reading Birdie, the children's former nurse.

Unlike the usual rough-and-tumble household of Irish fiction, Angel's is a very sophisticated one indeed, and Miss Farrell, a subtle and satisfying writer, handles contemporary dialogue with a masterly hand.

"Loving Without Tears" is published by Collins. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Created by Richard Hudnut for fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris, the clinging softness of this superbly-formulated powder suits all types of skin ... it never cakes or streaks. Gemey gives you a make-up of irresistible appeal ... a soft glow of youthful radiance.

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Wherever you want cleanliness—
use KLEENEX

Many uses for baby—Remove grime and make-up to keep skin clean and healthy—saves lost or grimy handkerchiefs for children and is a blessing to invalids.



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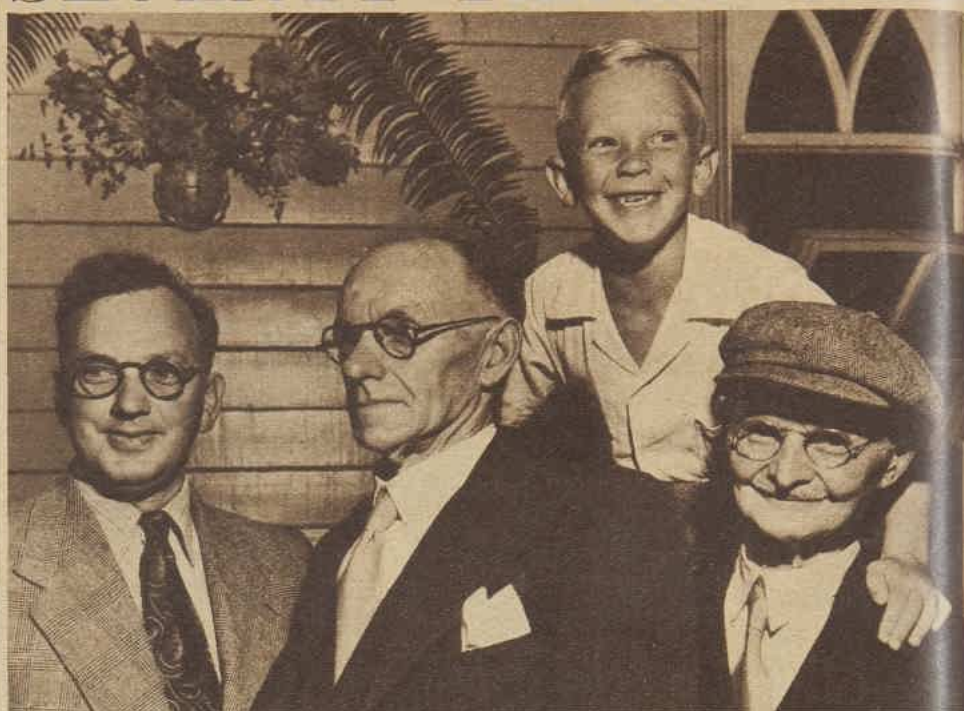
KIWI WHITE
IN TUBES, JARS, BOTTLES

THIS MODERN AGE

DONALD McLEAN

For Sixth Grade Social Studies.
A book to help children understand this modern age and the part they have to play.
Available at all bookellers at the start of the school year.
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SEVENTY YEARS WED



FOUR GENERATIONS of the Doust family, of Bellingen, N.S.W., who attended the 70th wedding anniversary celebrations of Reuben Doust (right) on January 12. Hedley Doust, 69 (centre), is Reuben's son, Albert, 35, his grandson, and Richard, 6, his great-grandson. Reuben Doust's father, David, died only 15 years ago, shortly after his 100th birthday.

Reuben's recipe is no drinking, no smoking, and good cooking

By SHEILA PATRICK,
staff reporter

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Doust, who celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary at Bellingen, N.S.W., on January 12, say they have never had a quarrel during their married life.

"Of course, we had our differences," Mr. Doust told me, smilingly, "but never a real quarrel in all those years."

Reuben, aged 92, and Mary Jane, 88, with their six children, 15 grandchildren, and 26 great-grandchildren, celebrated what was called, for want of a better name, their "Radium

Wedding Anniversary" in the Methodist Church Hall, Bellingen, with a high-ten and party.

A diamond wedding is technically celebrated after 75 years of marriage. But because it is so rare for a couple both to live that long, it is customary to celebrate a diamond wedding at 60 years married.

Every anniversary thereafter is an anniversary of the diamond wedding.

Relatives and friends came down from the Dorrigo Mountains and from all over the State to honor the old couple.

Eighty-six-year-old Albert Doust, brother of Reuben Doust, travelled from Grafton.

Mr. Reuben Doust, with his eyes gleaming, looked like a schoolboy at his first big party. Constantly chuckling, he kept adding remarks during the many speeches.

He kept his check cloth cap on because his head gets cold at night and he is afraid of catching a chill when he goes out after dark.

Smiling faintly now and then, Mrs. Mary Jane Doust seemed sad and far away, with tears of remembrance in her eyes.

She was wearing the locket, containing a curl of both her father and mother's hair, she wore on her wedding day.

The couple were toasted in tea, lemonade, ginger-beer, and cherry pop.

The Rev. Mr. Dillon, of the Bellingen Methodist Church, was master of ceremonies and read out some of the hundreds of telegrams the couple received.

Above the cries of his four-months-old great-grandchild, Neville Doust, Mr. Doust replied to the many toasts.

He ended his speech:

"Like my father, David Doust, I would like to live to 100. I know one of my great-grandsons is engaged to be married. I would like to live to see a great-great-grandchild."

On the morning of the party I called at the Dousts' home. It is a big country cottage, surrounded by a neat, colorful garden.

Mr. Doust was busy in the garden, and Mrs. Doust was having her hair waved.

"You can't take my picture until I have had my hair done," she told me firmly.

Mr. Reuben Doust excitedly asked me to come inside and have a look at the wedding cake.

"Look at it—a replica of our original wedding cake," he told me proudly, "and these flowers on the top are the same flowers we had on our cake 70 years ago."

"I'm a bit deaf," he confessed, "but otherwise I'm as good as new."

When I asked Mr. Doust whether Mrs. Doust was his first sweetheart, he chuckled.

"Oh, no," he said. "I had a scout round before I decided that she was the one for me."

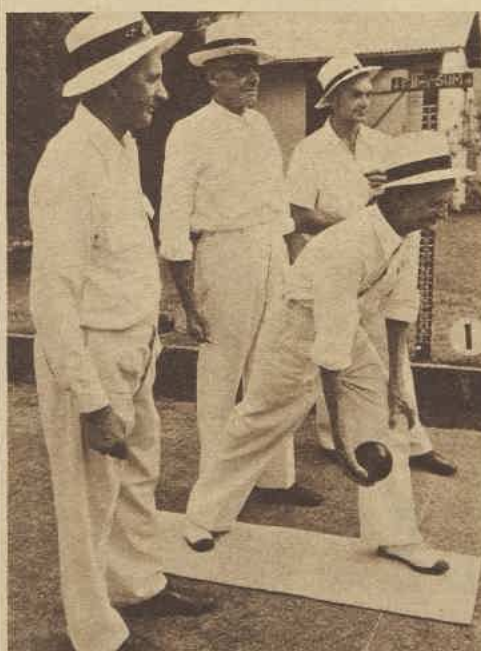
"What is the secret of the success of your long, happy married life?" I asked.

"I don't smoke, I don't drink, and my wife is a wonderful housekeeper and good cook," Mr. Doust replied.

When I asked him if he helped in the house, he laughed.

"I got the breakfast this morning," he said. "Breakfast for five—we had porridge, poached eggs on toast with a sort of bubble and squeak, and tea. Not bad, eh, for an old fella?"

"I do the garden, too," he



REUBEN DOUST stoops to bowl at the Bellingen Bowling Club, where he plays every Saturday with his sons Stafford, 63 (left), Hedley, 69, and grandson, Ron, 33.

The Dousts haven't quarrelled yet



"RADIUM" WEDDING ANNIVERSARY at the Bellingen Methodist Church Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Doust sat at the official table with members of their family. The hall was decorated by members of the Ladies' Guild. Inset: Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Doust cut their anniversary cake. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

went on. "I won first prize several times running a year or two ago for the best flower garden."

"My son, Clifton, mows the lawn and does the heavy work."

"My wife, Mary, does all the housework herself. We have no help in the house."

"She's been a bit sick lately with a bout of the flu, so I put her in hospital, as I couldn't manage to look after her here."

"But she came home today," he added excitedly.

"By the way, I painted the roof last year. All by myself. The neighbors complained a bit and said I was a silly old fool and would break my neck," he chuckled.

"We're only common people, good old common folk, but pioneering stock. We know what it is to work hard, we Dousts."

Frail, white-haired Mary Jane Doust said of her 70 happy years of married life:

"My main interest has always been in my husband, my home and children, and the church."

"Until I got sick recently, I always did all my own housework. I love looking after my home," she added.

When I asked Mr. Doust for his life story, he smiled and said:

"I'll write it for you, as I'm a bit deaf."

And this is what pioneer Reuben Doust, in his 93rd year, wrote for me in a round, firm hand before he went off for his weekly game of bowls:

"I was born at Bulwarra, on the Hunter River, 92 years ago last October. My wife was born at Southgate, Clarence River, 89 years ago next March."

"I came with my parents from the Hunter River when I was very young. My father took a clearance lease at Ulmarra. I was the eldest son and know something of pioneer life from those early days."

"To make a long story short, as time went on I leased a small farm at Lower Southgate. At that time thousands of bags of maize were grown on the Clarence River."

"I had a young lady in view, and that young lady is my wife to-day. She was the eldest daughter of the late John and Tryphena Short, of Southgate."

"We were married 70 years ago on January 12, 1882, by the Rev. G. Glasson in the Methodist Church, Brushgrove. After our marriage we lived at Lower Brushgrove for 10 years. In that time three sons and one daughter were born. Twins born later, and they are all here to-day."

"They were the happiest days of our married life."

"In 1900 I took up a selection of 166 acres at North Dorrigo. Had to fell heavy scrub to get a place to build a house, etc. I then brought the wife and family from the Clarence River."

"We were among first settlers of Dorrigo and know some of the difficulties of pioneer life. I was one that helped in deputation work on several occasions to our local member to get some more selections opened. In 1911 we bought Springborn, on the Bellingen River."

"I've always kept a diary and have more than 50 of them in a box out the back. My wife has had a buggy accident and blood poisoning, and we have had two operations each."

"We are lifelong members of the Methodist Church. My wife has been church organist and choir member as well as solo singer and church worker all her life, and is still a member of the local church aid."

"I have been in every office but one a layman can hold. Was ten years senior steward Bellingen Methodist Church, but resigned ten years ago because of age and deafness. We are trying now to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God."

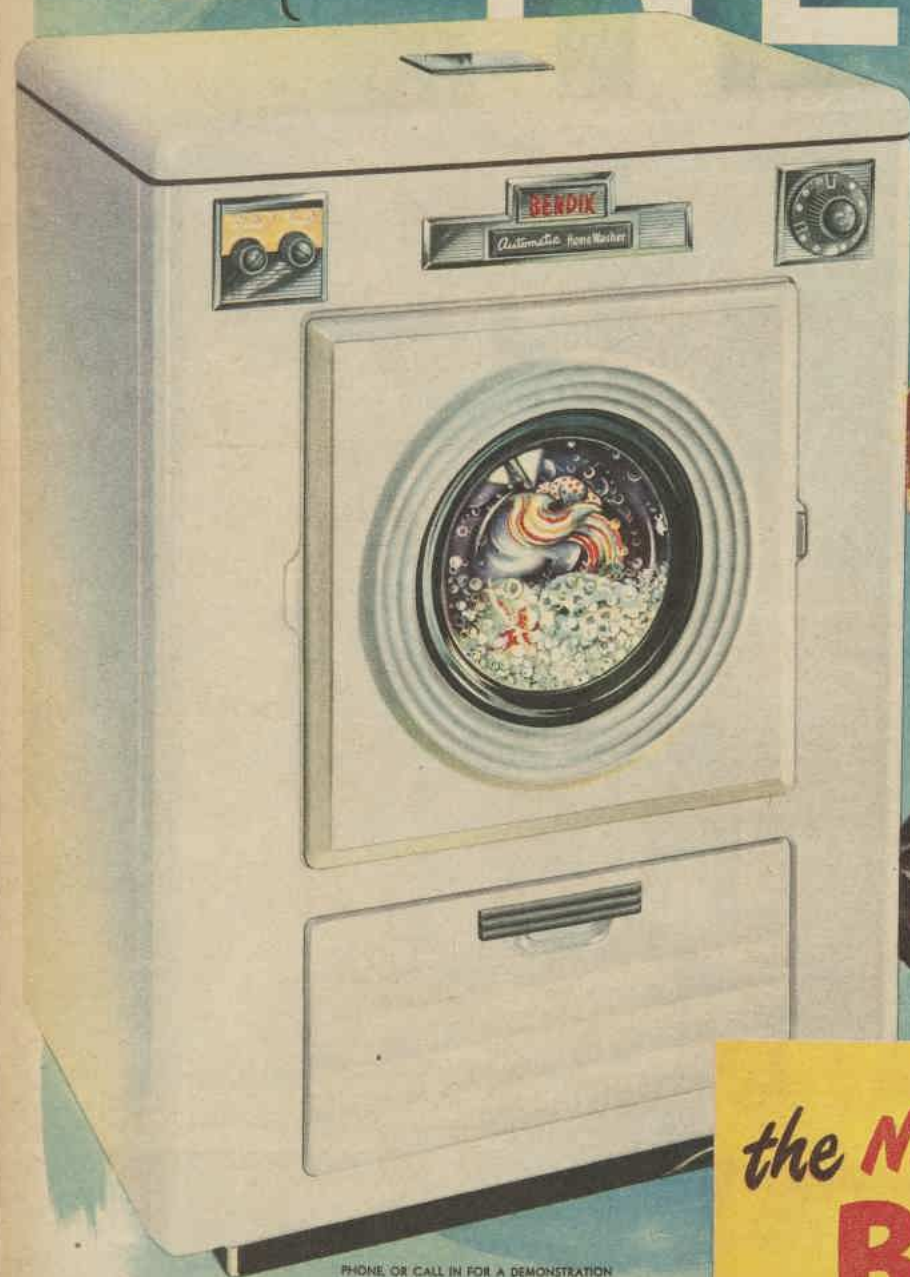


TWINS Janet and Robert Gordon Menzies enjoy the party with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Menzies. Earl is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Doust's daughter, Effie Menzies.



MARGARET AND NERALY DOUST played a duet for their great-grandparents at the party.

“My dear
you **must** see the **new Bendix**
...it's better than ever”



“Oh yes... my new Bendix is a dream! I just leave everything to it! I pop the clothes in dry, set the dials, add the soap, and my Bendix washes the clothes clean as clean. It rinses them three times, too—in fresh, clear water—and damp-dries them for me. In fact, my hands never touch water on wash-day! My Bendix even cleans itself and switches itself off... all automatically!”

IMPROVED 'DYNA-SURGE' TUMBLE-ACTION
gives a three-way washing action which penetrates every fold and fibre, and chases out every speck of dirt.

EXCLUSIVE 'WATER RATIONER'
measures the exact amount of water needed for each individual load. This means a regular saving of soap and hot water!

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guarantees that water is automatically supplied at the correct temperature throughout the complete soaping, washing and rinsing cycles.

DIALS CONVENIENTLY PLACED
at the front to leave the table-top free for folding clothes or other purposes.

BETTER 'DAMP-DRYING'
with a stepped-up high-speed spin, making clothes so light to handle.

... FULLY AUTOMATIC



the **NEW improved**
BENDIX
AUTOMATIC WASHER

PHONE OR CALL IN FOR A DEMONSTRATION
LEVIN & CO. LTD.

(ESTABLISHED IN NEW ZEALAND IN 1941)

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the richest
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is individually
wrapped for
your protection.

Made by
MacRobertson
The Great Name in Confectionery.

ASTHMA
Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the famous American prescription, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours. And to satisfy completely or money back, no return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The chemist protects you.
Mendaco
Arrests Asthma & Bronchitis & May Free



ANNABELLE
"Goody, goody, goody — wages are going up again."



BUTCH
"It's a person-to-person call for Mrs. Atherton."

It seems to me

IF you had any exaggerated ideas about true equality, girls, pause and reflect on the excitement in Egypt that attended the birth of King Farouk's son and heir.

Farouk, having divorced the wife who gave him three daughters, was, from all accounts, pretty anxious that the stork make no mistake about this delivery.

When Anne Boleyn's son was stillborn (after her first attempt had produced a girl, Elizabeth), Henry VIII, so the story goes, strode into her room and shouted, "It is now too sure that God will give me no male heir by you."

The attitude to girls in some parts of the world is much the same after 400-odd years.

A FRIEND of mine has met a saleswoman who makes shopping really enjoyable.

The encounter began by the customer asking if she might try on a dress that was displayed in the window.

"Try on everything in the shop if you like," said the saleswoman, "and it doesn't matter if you don't buy anything."

Her tactics were novel all through the transaction. Taking her customer's hand firmly, she led her to the mirror, saying: "Where is your make-up? Imagine coming to try on a dress when you're looking like this. Here, let me fix you!"

Then she added happily: "You know Mrs. —?" mentioning a well-known businesswoman. "She came in here yesterday looking just like you do. So I did the same thing to her and made up her face. And she said to me, 'Well, if you don't mind my saying so, Miss Blank, your own face looks frightful!'"

HAVE you noticed the many published statements by Royal tour authorities, pointing out the latitude allowed men in dressing for formal entertainments?

If the men haven't tails to wear they may wear dinner suits, say these authorities, and indeed, if they haven't dinner suits, they may wear lounge suits.

But not a mention of the girls, no suggestion that they may go to a ball in a street frock.

Probably it's a good thing. Imagine the trouble that would follow if husbands were able to quote authority in proof of their argument that wives didn't need new evening dresses.

For that matter, I'll be much surprised if any lounge suits are seen at formal functions. Men may not be so vain, but they do like to conform.

THE advertisements for this year's sales used all known techniques of punching the bargain line.

Possibly the most arresting of all was the ad. which said, "Save 750 guineas!"

It was a mink coat reduced from 2250 guineas to a mere 1500. If you passed it by, it's probably too late now.

Disappointing, isn't it?



Dorothy Drain

SEVERAL housewives were bemoaning over a cup of tea the monotony of the general run of their lives.

Said one sadly: "And the absolute last straw is that our postman doesn't whistle any more."

The others said their postmen all whistled, and agreed that the sound, with its promise of the diversion of a letter, was one of the pleasantest of the day.

Investigation shows that the complainer's postman must have lost his whistle temporarily or been short of breath because the P.M.G.'s Department lays down instructions to postmen which cover the point with quaint, official precision, thus:

"The method of announcing arrival at an address shall be two sharp knocks or rings according to the circumstances in each case. A reasonable time must be given for a response to the call. Two sharp whistles must be given in localities where delivery is effected by a mounted postman and also in all cases where postal matter must be placed in boxes which are not fixed to doors of houses."

Early in the last century postmen in the colony of New South Wales carried bells, as they did in England.

Whether he whistles, rings, or knocks, the postman nearly always rates as one of the most popular roundsmen of the suburbs. Fortunately no Australian postman has taken his job as a cheer-bringer as seriously as the French postman who, according to a recent story in the newspapers, tore up all the bills and unhappy letters and distributed only the happy ones!

VISITORS to the National Museum in Melbourne complained recently that moths were eating the Phar Lap exhibit. The Museum's director said: "These rumors crop up every few months but Phar Lap is as good as the day we got him. The skin has been treated with special preservative to keep moths away."

*Be thankful little foal, how sweet your lot,
Who knows what height of fame may be your fate?*

*Far greater than that infant in his cot
Who, being only human, cannot rate
The cheers and worship which may come
Upon some not so distant, glorious day.*

*For men are soon forgotten, but a horse
May have more lasting honor than the brave,
And if he's fleet of foot and stays the course
May yet escape oblivion and the grave,
And future generations on him dote
While moth doth not corrupt his sacred coat.*

Australia's greatest value IN WORK TROUSERS



Only Dencraft Work Trousers have all these 10 features.

1. Cloth made in exclusive VORTEX hardware weaves.
2. Double-stitched seams.
3. Bar-tacked at vital points.
4. Duratex pocketing.
5. Extra three inch seat fitting.
6. Rustless bottoms.
7. High back rise.
8. Five belt loops.
9. Guaranteed SANFORIZED Shrink.
10. Comprehensive Dencraft fair-wear guarantee.

Whether you're a lumberjack or a sheepjack, you'll find you get longer wear from any one of these famous, hardware brands.

Gabardine King * Venetian King * Pinwire

from good stores everywhere.



Made with care for longer wear.



*My hearing
secret!*

People I meet never guess — because
my Hearing Aid is designed to be
Heard — but not seen

"Close friends who know, often tell me that acquaintances never even suspect I'm deaf. For that I can thank The Audiphone Company. They helped me choose an instrument from the world's finest makes that was correct and marvellously clear—yet light and most compact. Then they fitted me with a Phantom Invisible Earpiece. They can help you just as they helped me."

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Call, write or phone your nearest branch to arrange a demonstration without obligation—or for us to tell you when our representative will next visit your town. Don't delay!

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NEWCASTLE:	Suite 14, "Sun" Building, Hunter St.	B 1089
MELBOURNE:	110 Collins St.	Cent. 4185
BRISBANE:	Commercial Bank Chambers, 239-243 Queen St.	B 2983
ADELAIDE:	Alliance Assurance Building, 20 Grenfell St.	LA 4708
PERTH:	88 St. George's Terrace	B 2886
HOBART:	152 Collins St. (opp. T. & G. Building)	Cent. 3438

THE AUDIPHONE CO.

Post to your nearest office of The Audiphone Co.

Please send free booklet "Your Key to Hearing Happiness."

NAME ADDRESS

A61.12

Linked with history—

SYDNEY HARBOR

• Australia Day commemorates the landing of Captain Arthur Phillip, at Sydney Cove, 164 years ago. On these pages and on page 23 are glimpses of the harbor as it is to-day.

Pictures by STIRLING MACBOY



LOOKING DOWN on The Spit and Middle Harbor from Seaforth. The landlocked coves make this part of the harbor a favored spot for small craft, many of which are moored there. The road bridge opens to give passage to ferries and yachts.

CIRCULAR QUAY (below), hub of harbor ferry traffic, also has wharves for liners. Though the number of ferry passengers has decreased since the Harbor Bridge was built, the boats are still important in public transport and a feature of harbor life.



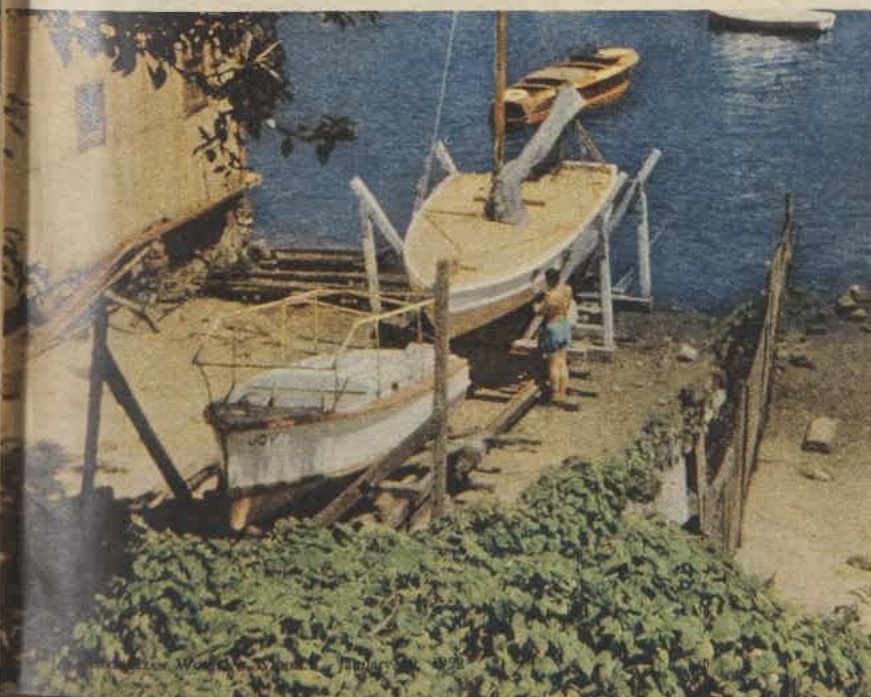


SYDNEY HARBOR BRIDGE from Bradley's Head (above) with warships tied up at the dolphins in Athol Bight.

WATER frontages (below) allow owners to have boatsheds and slips, and to fish from their "back yards."

CHOWDER BAY. Snug anchorage off Clifton Gardens.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23



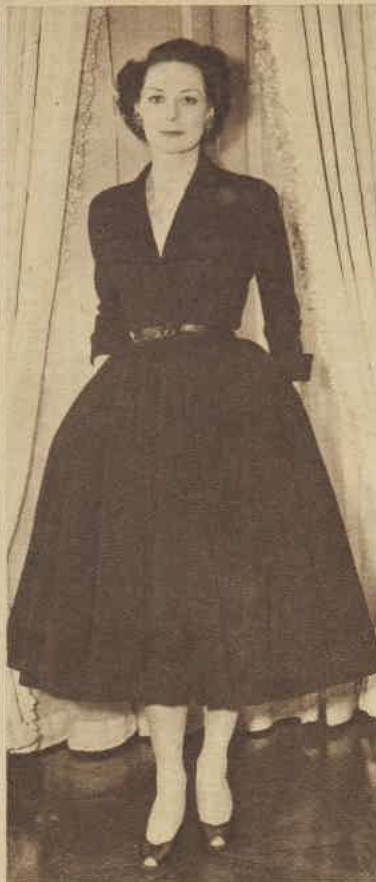
World's best dressed women of year



FIRST in the ranks of best dressed women was the Duchess of Windsor, shown here in the wig she wore with a period-influenced costume to a premiere.



SECOND on the list was Mrs. William Paley, wife of the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This evening gown is typical of her dressing.



FOURTH was Mrs. Byron Foy, young wife of a Chrysler motor executive, shown here in a dress that illustrates her preference for ultra-smart rather than "pretty" clothes.



SIXTH was Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, one of New York society's most dazzling beauties, who favors dramatic, decorative clothes like this draped satin and taffeta gown.



THIRTEENTH was Mrs. Henry Ford II, wife of the president of the Ford Motor Company, who is renowned for her choice of accessories. Here she is wearing some of the magnificent jewellery with which she points up simply cut clothes.

The 500 fashion designers, social editors, and members of New York's exclusive social set who voted the Duchess of Windsor 1951's best dressed woman came from the United States, Britain, France, and Italy.

THE poll was made by the New York Dress Institute.

Miss Eleanor Lambert, Press director for the Institute, said: "A special frock didn't count. The 14 winners were nominated on their general standard of dress. They were people who looked well dressed all the year round."

After the Duchess came (in order): Mrs. William Paley; Madame Louis Arpels, wife of an international jeweller; Mrs. Byron Foy; actress Irene Dunne; Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, junior; actress Marlene Dietrich; the Duchess of Kent; Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, wife of a Wall Street stockbroker and one of the well-known Vanderbilt family; Mrs. Douglas MacArthur; Mrs. George McGhee, whose husband is U.S. Ambassador to Turkey; Mrs. Henry Ford II; Princess Margaret; Countess Uberto Corti, of Rome.

The Duchess of Windsor, who has led the voting for the past 10 years, is described as "a dream client."

"She always knows what she wants, and her taste is impeccable," said one New York couturier.

Irene Dunne, who has appeared in the best dressed list for many years, is regarded as

the undisputed leader of quieter Hollywood fashions.

Marlene Dietrich is reputed to spend more on clothes than any other Hollywood star. Her special pleasure is buying shoes, and she has launched a number of shoe styles.

Her favorite shoes are supplied by a Milan shoemaker who introduced the Kimo, or two-in-one shoe.

The Kimo is made of an inner shoe of soft calf covered by an outer shoe of fretworked gold net or other material.

Most of the American women named in the list spend huge amounts of money on their clothes. Mrs. Hearst's outlay, for example, is said to be about £25,000 a year.

An exception is Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, whose outlay on clothes is far more modest, and who doubtless impressed her voters with her superlative neatness.

The 45-year-old Duchess of Kent maintains her fashion place by easy elegance.

Her influence is apparent in Princess Margaret's wardrobe, which now seldom harbors anything "startling" or fussy, and which plays up her petiteness and 22-inch waist.

The Princess' placing is all the more creditable because she has to budget carefully and must often resort to "made-overs."



THIRTEENTH place was a creditable showing for Princess Margaret, the youngest, by many years, of the women on the best dressed list. She wore this cherry-patterned suit and neat hat to a polo match at Roehampton last summer.

Continued from page 21

Lively vistas, quiet spots

Sydney Harbor's 120 miles of foreshore is packed with contrasting scenes from busy docks, wharves, and shipbuilding yards to beaches where the bush meets the sand.

FROM the southern bridge pylon with Fort Denison (Pinchgut), Fort Macquarie, and Garden Island in the foreground. Princess Elizabeth and her husband will land at Farm Cove, seen beyond Fort Macquarie.



LUNA PARK, Sydney's fun fair beside the northern pylon of the Harbor Bridge, at Milson's Point. From its "big dipper" magnificent views are seen of the harbor and city.



FERRIES TIE UP. The McMahon's Point depot and repair shops for the ferries which shuttle across the harbor day and night. The service is 50 years old.



PARADISE FOR CHILDREN. Rocky Point, Balmoral, where the sandy beach and mild surf make it a good spot for picnics and for children to take their first duckings.



SECLUDED CORNER. Typical of the northern foreshores is this corner where mesembryanthemums make a splash of vivid color near the water's edge.



GREETING GUESTS. Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd Jones welcome Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland (centre) to the British Vogue Export Book fashion parade held at David Jones'. Miss Rosemary Cooper, editor of the British Vogue Export Book, compered the parade, which was opened by the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Mr. E. J. Williams.

At Fashion Parade

A FASHIONABLE Sydney audience watched four English and four Australian mannequins present the latest British fashions for the Royal season ahead at the opening of the British Vogue Export Book parade at David Jones'.



BEFORE DINNER. Sydney barrister Mr. B. P. Macfarlan and his wife have a cool drink before going in to dinner. Mrs. Macfarlan's striking evening gown was of cerise satin, flower trimmed at the waist, and with it she wore a matching stole.



QUARTET. (From left) Madame Daniel La Grave, Diana Field, Mrs. Dick Curran, and Mrs. Jack Field filled in time until dinner was served watching other guests arrive for the parade. Mrs. Curran, in black tulle, was one of the few women who wore short evening frocks. Diana's gown was pink-and-white checked taffeta.



ARRIVING FOR PARADE. Escorted by Mr. Clive Hall, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Patrick Koppel (right) were early arrivals for the parade. Mrs. Hall wore a draped gown of silver lame and Mrs. Koppel's black evening dress was trimmed with white lace. Proceeds from the gala parade will go to the Kindergarten Union and Legacy.



ATTRACTIVE Nan Connor, wearing a lovely bouffant frock of pale pink tulle, encrusted with sequins on the bodice, arrives for the parade escorted by visitor from Basle, Switzerland, Jean Pierre Schmidlin.



HANDSOME COUPLE. Mrs. John Bovill, who wore an elegant black-and-pink tulle gown, and her husband were among the fashionably dressed audience.



MATRONS Mrs. Alan Potter (left) and Mrs. James Dickson on their way in to dinner. Tables were decorated with red candles, gladioli, and frangipani blossom.



WEARING a cool-looking evening gown printed in green and white, Mrs. Deke Coleman arrives with her husband to see the latest British fashions.



SHADED grey tulle, heavily beaded, was worn by Mrs. Bruce Minell (left), who attended the parade with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin.

Princess Margaret may marry farmer



SCOTTISH BALL. With the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Buccleuch heir, the Earl of Dalkeith, Princess Margaret attended a recent ball in Glasgow.

Dalkeith is "real nice laddie" of ancient line

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Close friends of Princess Margaret are still discussing the possibility of her engagement to the 28-year-old Earl of Dalkeith.

They say an early official announcement would mean that "Johnny," as the Princess calls him, would accept an invitation from the King and Queen to sail with them in Vanguard to South Africa.

THE Princess first met Dalkeith at a children's party when Margaret, aged three, was enchanted by a red-haired 10-year-old boy wearing a black velvet jacket and a kilt.

Margaret said proudly, "I'm Scottish, too," and spent the rest of the afternoon with him.

Informal wartime parties at Windsor Castle found the lively schoolgirl Margaret laughing and dancing with Lieutenant Dalkeith, R.N.V.R.

Dalkeith partnered Margaret frequently at her 21st birthday dance. She votes him "the perfect partner."

When dancing, the disparity between his six feet height and her five feet never worries her.

The Princess once told a girl friend she "quite enjoyed looking up to Johnny."

Margaret said last year, "I need someone firm to keep me in order." Perhaps she had the Earl of Dalkeith in mind.

For their close friends are unanimous in their opinion that, while Dalkeith would

cherish Margaret as a husband should, he would be the good-natured but firm head of his house.

He is an immensely rich young man who is also a worker. The Buccleuch tenants say he's a "real nice laddie."

Walter Francis John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, heir to one of Britain's oldest dukedoms of 500,000 acres in eight Scottish and English counties, has set out to make farming his life's work.

"Johnny prefers his trees and his animals to most people," said a friend.

He is a forestry and agriculture expert, and since his discharge from the R.N.V.R. has made a keen study of scientific farming.

He has travelled abroad, not lingering at gay Continental resorts or in the brisk social limelight of Washington and New York, but visiting both big and small farms run on up-to-date lines.

Dalkeith's efficient management of the family estates has



PRINCESS MARGARET, accompanied by the Earl of Dalkeith, gives the hunt a Royal send-off at a meet at Hume Castle, Berwickshire, on January 7. At the time Princess Margaret was staying at nearby Marchmont House as the guest of Captain and Mrs. J. H. F. McEwen.

pleased and impressed the King.

Solidly Scottish in appearance, with blue eyes, sandy-red hair, and a freckled, fair complexion, Lord Dalkeith was educated at Eton and Oxford.

He has a natural manner, drives a very small sports car, which he made no attempt to exchange for a larger one when Billy Wallace was dazzling the Princess with a big red sports car, works around his father's estates in loose tweeds and a cap, and emerges sartorially elegant at social functions.

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh like Lord Dalkeith. Philip has played tennis and bowls with him in

Scotland, and often sails and shoots in his company.

Margaret feels quite at home in the beautiful panelled rooms of Drumlanrig Castle, the main Buccleuch family seat.

During her frequent Scottish visits she plays the piano while Dalkeith sings.

In London the Earl shares Margaret's enthusiasm for the theatre.

He recently backed the production in the West End of the play "A Priest in the Family," written by John Syngue, a friend of Princess Margaret.

He is also a keen photographer and has a scrapbook containing many pictures of

Margaret taken by him since their childhood days.

With his sister, Lady Caroline Gilmour, a close friend of Margaret, Lord Dalkeith has often been at the Princess' parties for her intimate circle in her Buckingham Palace suite.

The Earl notably stays by her side, lighting her cigarette, fetching refreshments, holding her bag, and escorting her to the car when the party goes on to the theatre or ballet.

Princess Margaret, whose blue eyes are forever twinkling on the brighter side of life, used to tease the Earl unmercifully when newspapers revived romance rumors each time she visited the Buccleuch family. She and Lady Caroline

stopped teasing him when they realised he was sensitive about the rumors.

Margaret and Dalkeith both love horses. He keeps a favorite horse of Margaret's on one of his father's estates.

A romantic sidelight to Margaret's recent departure from a Buccleuch estate, Bowhill, Selkirk, for Sandringham was the drive to the Melrose railway station.

She was in the Earl's little car, and he took the road past the ruined Melrose Abbey, which was given to the nation by the Buccleuch family in 1918.

The full moon was shining when they passed the Abbey, so that the Princess, in the words of Lord Dalkeith's ancestor, Walter Scott, saw "fair Melrose aright in the pale moonlight."

PARIS

● Jeanne Lafaurie's halter-necked and backless cocktail dress, at left, is made in one of autumn's newest and most popular colors — a vivid blue-green.



● Short-cut evening dress, above right, in fine cobwebby lace over heavy satin. The two materials are ion-pleated from shoulder to hemline. Model by Lafaurie.

● Dior model, above centre, is designed with a simple bodice-top and skirt with panels of fine knife pleating.

● Marcel Rochas' topless black crepe one-piece, above right, has an unusual torso swathing and sash of matching silk taffeta.

Rene

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 30, 1952

PARTY LINES

● Barrel-skirt evening gown, at right, is by Maggy Rouff. The velvet bodice-top is matched by a deep, stiffened hemline band.



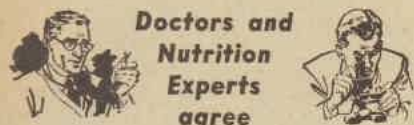
● Jean Dessès' regal ball gown, above, is made in three shades of blue chiffon. The graceful skirt trails into a train.

● Dior combines a mauve-pink with white satin for the spectacular model, right. He calls the silhouette "ostrich."

If you feel
Run-down,
"Nervy"
and
Tired
you may
be suffering
from



"HIDDEN HUNGER"



Doctors and
Nutrition
Experts
agree

that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" and our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements. This means that while we may not feel actually ill, we are never really well — and seldom look our best.



Your Children — and "HIDDEN HUNGER"

Do they suffer from "Hidden Hunger"? If they are faddy and pick and choose at their food then they are not getting the most good from the food you supply. They tend to tire easily . . . become "grizzlers" and fall behind. Give them Horlicks.

Horlicks guards against
"HIDDEN HUNGER". Made with
milk, Horlicks is a complete,
BALANCED FOOD.



needs every day to guard
against "Hidden Hunger".



FOR DEEP,
REFRESHING
SLEEP . . .

a cup of hot Horlicks before bed relaxes your body, soothes your nerves, and induces deep, restful sleep. Off you go . . . to replace lost energy and wake really refreshed.



DRINK
HORLICKS
and guard against

"HIDDEN HUNGER"

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RM-3

TEENA *by Linda Terry*

I JUST GOT A HOT TIP!
NEXT WEEK IS HENRY'S
BIRTHDAY!



DO YOU
THINK IT WOULD
LOOK ALL RIGHT
IF I GAVE HIM
A PRESENT?



WEEELL...I DON'T
KNOW...AFTER ALL
YOU'VE ONLY BEEN OUT
WITH HIM ONCE...BUT
IF IT WERE SOMETHING
YOU MADE YOURSELF
WITH YOUR OWN
HANDS—



OH, PIPSEY
YOU DOLL!
THAT'S A
BRILLIANT
IDEA!!



—BUT IT'S
GOT TO BE SOME
THING HE REALLY
WANTS...I'LL
GO RIGHT OVER
AND FIND
OUT...



ER—M—I'M
CONDUCTING
A SURVEY...
WHAT IS
YOUR
OPINION
OF HAND-
PAINTED
NECKTIES?



WOULD
YOU OBJECT
TO OWNING
A HAND-
EMBROIDERED
HANDKER-
CHIEF?



WHAT
ABOUT
ARGYLE
SOCKS?
NEVER
WEAR 'EM



NEXT
DAY



HOW'DJA
MAKE OUT?
DIDJA FIND
OUT WHAT
YOU CAN
MAKE FOR
HIM?



A GENUINE
PIGSKIN
FOOTBALL.



As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): The pleasant side of life has the main emphasis. January 30 and 31 are likely to bring news of a proposition, but wait until February 5 for full details.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Only the ambitious will benefit through the fine influences of January 31. You'll have your ups and downs on February 1; it's up to you to come out right side up.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Look and plan well ahead, but be prepared to wait a fortnight before taking action. Remember, the stars have a two-way influence. February 2 calls for diplomacy. Practically nothing can go wrong on February 5.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Everything opens out brilliantly on January 30, but too rosy an estimate may darken suddenly. Stick to what's tried and true on February 4.

LEO (July 23-August 23): Get down among the crowd and rub shoulders with your fellows. February 1 can be handled if you don't try to dictate. February 4 should give you a mental cocktail.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You like doing what you know you can do. A bit of show-off should help to put you over on January 30 and 31, but February 5 is your field day.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Every day this week is full of the sunshine of love and luck except February 2, which is a mixed bag. Let any troubles of the day roll off your shoulders. For business pick February 4—it's a winner.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Be a lone wolf and keep your affairs to yourself. Both January 30 and February 5 have important possibilities, but stay your hand on February 1, when caution and discretion are doubly necessary.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Look closer home instead of seeking greener pastures far away. Your own neighborhood has something to give you.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Don't go looking for trouble in your business arrangements on February 1 or 2. Half a loaf is better than none, and February 4 could butter it for you.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Reduce your hopes and wishes to reasonable proportions. Choose your objective and hit the target on February 4 or 5 with success.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You are well liked in your little world, but don't expect constant demonstrations of affection. Just take it for granted on January 30 and February 3.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
• How to Fill the Salad Bowl.
• Summer Care of Roses.
• Dahlia Culture.

Name of leaflet (one only) _____

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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because
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says 'no'
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COLGATE'S Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
In safeguard your charm!
(IT'S BARRIED IN A JAR)

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WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority today regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness.

Why specialists all over the world have made colon cleanliness their slogan. Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which combats constipation at its source, the colon.

COLOSEPTIC
FOR BETTER
INTERNAL CLEANNES
At all chemists and stores.
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Save Money! Learn Dressmaking

Those little expert touches which so quickly distinguish the well-made garment — you can learn easily at home in your spare time. Our new mail courses teach you thoroughly.

PERSONAL OR POSTAL LESSONS
BY EXPERTS

MAIL COUPON FOR OUR FREE
BOOKLET

Please send your Free Booklet about Dressmaking. I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

NAME _____

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Foremost Fashion School,
Manchester Unity Building,
220 Collins Street, Melbourne.
W.V.T.

Don't let
these eyes...



become these...



PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT

In all your waking hours your eyes are working hard—frequently under conditions of strain, aggravated by glare and dust. Look out for these

DANGER SIGNALS

Smarting Bloodshot Whites
Itchy Red Rims Watery
Crusted Lashes

Take care of your precious eyes. Give them enough rest. Refresh them, protect them, by bathing them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. You'll soon see how much clearer and better they look.



Optrex

the EYE LOTION
OP. 10.8

Mother does
Father a really
**BIG
FAVOUR**



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20/41.17

Worth Reporting

Roses and carnations grown in English-type gardens at Mount Kenya will decorate the pastel and satin apartments of Princess Elizabeth when she and the Duke of Edinburgh join the Royal yacht, *Gothic*, at Mombasa, on their way to Australia.

The roses will be rushed to Mombasa by air.

On board the *Gothic* the Duke will be addressed by his official naval title of Prince Philip.

In the Royal apartments there will be three radiograms and a selection of records chosen by Princess Margaret before the tour of the King and Queen to Australia was cancelled.

One of the radiograms is on the verandah, where Princess Elizabeth and the Duke will most likely give dances on the voyage out. There is another in the large ante-room forward on the bridge deck, where formal entertaining will be done. The third radiogram is in the Duke's apartment.

Lighting in the Royal apartments has been changed from fluorescent to tungsten, which gives a soft, relaxing glow. Eight different shades of gentle, translucent green have been used for the walls.

Two white telephones are on the writing-desk of Princess Elizabeth's day cabin.

Although the Princess will not be able to speak to Clarence House while at sea, in port shore telephone exchanges will keep the *Gothic* in communication with London.

In New Zealand the *Gothic* will load 7000 tons of meat, dairy produce, and fruit for Britain, as well as 3000 tons of wool and general merchandise.

Special training for retarded adults

THE Victorian Helping Hand League for Sub-Normal Children has enlarged its activities to assist retarded adults.

The South Yarra Special School now devotes a day a week to assessing the capabilities of those aged 16 and over. After league training in manual crafts they will be directed towards suitable work. Since it was launched four years ago, the league has done a splendid job in helping the sub-normal. Special schools have been opened in the Melbourne suburbs of Kew, Northcote, and South Yarra.

To free parents of responsibility, pupils at the South Yarra School are provided with transport twice a week.

Another recent innovation is a correspondence course for parents of sub-normal and backward children who live in the country or who are too far away to attend the special schools in the city.

The services of a panel of experts, including a psychiatrist, a dietitian, and a dentist—who makes a feature of treating children for whom normal dental attention is unsuitable—are also available.

Its secretary, Mr. M. S. J. McNamara, says the league is keen to affiliate with other groups.

SIGHT of the week.—A deck officer aboard a British freighter lying off Neutral Bay, Sydney Harbor, standing nonchalantly on the bridge flying a big white box kite.

The father of invention

MR. N. H. HACKETT, of Bondi, N.S.W., who recently announced that he had perfected two inventions to combat bushfires and sharks, is a technical artist at the Sydney Technical College.

Mr. Hackett's fire-fighting invention is a tanklike machine designed to shoot dirt from a gun-turret on to flames.

To frighten sharks away, he suggests that buoys be moored beyond the breaker line, fitted with bells which would clang loudly under the sea.

Thinking that his inventive brain might run to some new ideas for the housewife, we asked him to call at our office.

"One of my ideas is a stainless steel joint-holder which will save meat running off the plate," Mr. Hackett said.

"I can't tell you too much about it, because somebody is always waiting to snap up a good invention.

"All I'm prepared to say is that it goes under the meat and saves the carver using a fork. Saves him looking a fool in front of his guests, too!"

Mr. Hackett's other gadgets include a tin-opener which has no handle or wheels, but just "runs around the tin," and an attachment to fit any bread-knife, which regulates the size of bread slices.

To indicate the versatility of his inventive mind, Mr. Hackett brought with him a gift he had specially made for our office.

It was a fly-catcher made from a glue bottle, a piece of paper, and an eggcupful of honey and water.

A week later he rang to check on results.

It wasn't his fault that in the meantime no flies had wandered into the office to be lured and caught.

When Australian meets Greek

BEING brought up in a boys' school is excellent training for teaching Greek children English, according to Australian Jill Edwards.

Jill is the daughter of Canon W. J. Edwards, who used to be headmaster of Canberra Grammar School.

She has been in Greece for the past four years, distributing milk to the Greek children, under the auspices of U.N.O., and teaching English in a Greek school.

"The first time I walked into the classroom I was scared," wrote Jill in a recent letter to a friend.

"There were all those keen, dancing, black eyes watching me, and the moment I turned my back to write on the board, bedlam broke loose."

Remembering a technique her father used to employ in his Canberra Grammar School days, Jill finally used it—with good results.

"If you were the teacher, and I had been behaving as you have, what would you do?" she would ask a troublesome child.

"I'd tell you to go out of the class," was the usual answer.

"All right, go out of the class," Jill would reply.

"I used to think the children were about to come to blows the way they shouted and waved their fists at one another," she added in her letter. "But when I wanted to know what they were quarrelling about they would look very dignified and say, 'We weren't quarrelling, we were just discussing our stamp collections.'"

CONVERSATIONS you overhear. Our neighbor on a bus was engrossed in a book which to our disinterested glance seemed to be the familiar shorthand primer. "What are you learning shorthand for?" her companion asked. "I'm not." "Well, what's that stuff?" "Arabic." "Good heavens! Why are you learning Arabic?" "Just because."

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KNOCKS DOWN Don't let your sleep be disturbed by stray flies or mosquitoes that come in through the open window. Knock them down with **NUMBER 13**. And once a month spray the wall at the head of your bed so that every insect that touches it will die.



KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS Spray all surfaces once a month. **NUMBER 13** keeps on killing for weeks. Every insect that touches a sprayed surface even for a single second will die for certain.

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A DOUBLE-ACTION KILLER!

Tested Trusted **D.D.T.** together with the new, safe, amazing miracle **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE**

You know **NUMBER 13** as the original insect spray that introduced D.D.T. to Australia. Now it brings you another miracle called **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE** —the new, safe, scientific development in insect sprays.

This season's **NUMBER 13** contains both D.D.T. and **BENZENE HEXACHLORIDE**. You get the combined effect of tested, trusted D.D.T. and also this new miracle. You get the world's safest and best insecticide.

It is completely safe! It is incredibly effective! It kills flies, mosquitoes, moth, fleas and other insects. Keep your home free from pests. Spray once a month. It keeps on killing for weeks.

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YES! A MIRACLE!

Just spray it on walls, ceilings, along skirting boards, in hanging clothes, into cupboards, on rubbish tins and wherever insects land. When flies, fleas, silverfish, moth, mosquitoes touch the sprayed surface, even for a second, they'll die. They won't live long enough to breed!



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In the big, purple container with sprinkler top.



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Spray! You watch them touch, stagger and die.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Unwanted Women**
THE miserable plight of displaced women of Europe at the conclusion of World War II is brought home with full melodramatic effect in the Continental film "Unwanted Women."

Herded into a Displaced Persons' camp in Italy, the inmates comprise women of all nationalities, from all walks of life, and they display the usual potentialities for good, bad, and evil.

Action spotlights a Yugoslav girl (Valentina Cortese) who is determined to escape so that the child she is expecting will be born in freedom.

Subsidiary stories are about a saucy, warm-hearted French girl (Simone Simone), who gains freedom by marrying a local ice-cream vendor; a middle-aged countess (Françoise Rosay), who accepts her plight with ironical fortitude; and a serious German girl (Vivi Gioi), who deals out grim justice to a fellow prisoner who took part in Nazi war crimes.

The film lets through only one ray of hope on to the tragedy shared by the women when, after the death of the Yugoslav girl, her infant son is adopted and is taken to freedom by a kindly guard.

Most of the film dialogue is in English; sub-titling is used otherwise.

In Sydney—Variety.

★★ **Texas Carnival**
GLAMOR by Esther Williams, comedy by Red Skelton, and Howard Keel's singing combine neatly to make an enjoyable technicolor musical of M.G.M.'s "Texas Carnival."

The evergreen theme of mistaken identity runs through the story.

Carnival sideshow partners Williams and Skelton are somehow or other ensconced at a posh hotel as a Texas cattle millionaire and his sister.

Ensaing events involve Skelton's amusing antics, and Miss Williams' fall for cattle foreman Howard Keel, who sings

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

with his usual ease at all the appropriate moments.

Esther Williams only once takes to the water—in an unusual dream sequence, which shows her in graceful underwater acrobatics.

Keenan Wynn and Ann Miller support the central trio pleasantly.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ **The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady**

TECHNICOLOR finery and gay 'nineties atmosphere backgrounds "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" (Warners), which is another of those familiarly patterned musicals with a backstage plot.

June Haver brings chocolate-box charm to the role of Patricia O'Grady, one of the three cloying daughters of Irish streetcar conductor James Barton.

Cute Debbie Reynolds and Marsha Jones play subsidiary colleens; Maureen and Katie O'Grady.

The smell of greasepaint lures Patricia to embark on a song-and-dance career, and it is only a question of time before she falls in love with Gordon MacRae's Tony Pastor, the owner of a vaudeville house of early New York.

Weak romantic mix-ups and a finale reconciliation with Dennis O'Grady (James Barton) jostle with numerous songs and dances that are all representative of the old school.

The brightest performance comes from comedian James Barton, who is given a welcome chance to sing, dance, and perform his incomparable take-off of a drunk.

In Sydney—Regent.

His Kind of Woman

IF a good performance is measured by the amount of enthusiasm an actor puts into the job, Robert Mitchum makes a poor showing in "His Kind of Woman" (R.K.O.).

Cast as an allegedly tough gambler in a film of stark villainy, Mitchum walks with lethargic indifference through three parts of the action.

Set against a plush Mexican holiday resort, the film toys with a plot about an ex-gangster (blatantly overplayed by Raymond Burr) planning to gain retribution to the U.S. by having his face remodelled by plastic surgery, so that he will look the pre-selected victim, who will in due course be rubbed out.

Reluctantly cottoning on to the fact that he is to be this victim, Mitchum sets about extricating himself from his predicament.

That he succeeds is largely due to the itchy trigger-finger of Vincent Price, who is amusing as a visiting Hollywood ham actor.

Jane Russell, wearing a series of strapless gowns, manages to keep the audience goggle-eyed.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

The big
Bath Size
LUX TOILET SOAP makes
my daily
beauty bath
more delightful
than ever.

says
Ava Gardner

Ava Gardner as she stars with Howard Keel in M.G.M.'s Technicolor musical "Showboat"

9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

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★ NUGGET STAYS MOIST
★ NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
★ THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER

Nugget shoe REALLY open with a twist

NUGGET SHOE POLISH
Remains moist to the last speck

SEE HOW IT RUNS

Cerebos SALT

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—"711 Ocean Drive," semi-documentary dealing with breaking of gambling rackets, starring Edmund O'Brien, Joanne Dru. (Not yet reviewed). Plus "The Last Days of Boot Hill," Western, starring Charles Starrett.

CENTURY—★★ "David and Bathsheba," biblical drama in technicolor, starring Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC—"Highway 301," crime melodrama, starring Steve Cochran, Virginia Grey. (Not yet reviewed). Plus "Riders of the Range."

EMBASSY—★★ "The Dancing Years," English musical set in Vienna, starring Dennis Price, Gisele Preville. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—★★★ "King's Row," dramatic film version of best-selling novel, starring Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan. (Re-release). Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor, starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—"Al Jennings of Oklahoma," Western, starring Dan Duryea, Gale Storm. (Not yet reviewed). Plus "Family Secret," crime drama, starring Lee J. Cobb, John Derek, Jody Lawrence.

LYRIC—★★ "Monsieur Verdoux," satire based on career of famous killer, starring Charlie Chaplin, Martha Raye. (Re-release). Plus "Sword of the Avenger."

MAYFAIR—"His Kind of Woman," romantic melodrama, starring Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, Vincent Price. (See review this page). Plus featurettes.

PARK—★ "Rawhide," dramatic Western, starring Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward. Plus "Roadblock."

PLAZA—"The Frogmen," drama of U.S. Navy demolition service, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill. (Not yet reviewed). Plus "Daughter of the Jungle."

PRINCE EDWARD—★★★ "Here Comes the Groom," light romantic comedy, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone. Plus featurettes.

REGENT—★ "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," technicolor musical, starring June Haver, Gordon MacRae, James Barton. (See review this page). Plus featurettes.

SAVOY—★★★ "Fantasia," Walt Disney musical fantasy in technicolor. (Re-release).

ST. JAMES—★★ "Texas Carnival," romantic musical-comedy in technicolor, starring Red Skelton, Esther Williams, Howard Keel. (See review this page). Plus "Red Badge of Courage," civil war drama, starring Audie Murphy.

STATE—"Francis Goes to the Races," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie, Francis, the Mule. (Not yet reviewed). Plus "The Lady Pays Off," modern romance, starring Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally.

VARIETY—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of women's D.P. Camps, starring Simone Simone, Valentina Cortese, Françoise Rosay. (See review this page). Plus "Over the Moon," starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY—★ "The Prince Who Was a Thief," technicolor Eastern adventure, starring Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie. Plus "The Raging Tide," sea drama, starring Stephen McNally, Shelley Winters.



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Mr. "CHARLIE" WHITE, popular head mechanic of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne: "... Every-day work became hard with nagging rheumatic pains in every joint. My chemist got me started on Kruschen five years ago... and I've scarcely had a twinge of rheumatism since."

Mrs. M. J. WOOLFORD, 38 years old mother of four children: "One has to be fit to be on the job rearing four... I thank Kruschen for keeping me slim and young looking. My advice to both women and men is to start now taking a daily dose of Kruschen."



Mr. ROSEN, 71 years old antique dealer of Carlton, Victoria: "It is close to 40 years since I started taking Kruschen. I suffered from lumbago very much. I have taken Kruschen every morning since and would never be without it."

EASY TO TAKE

Use a teaspoon to measure out just enough Kruschen to cover a sixpence in your morning cup of tea. (For bad cases of rheumatism, lumbago, etc., take the medicinal dose as instructions on bottle.)



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1 FRIENDSHIP develops between widower Fred Begley (Charles Laughton) and his son's nurse, Louise Mason (Jane Wyman), a widow who has lost her own baby.



2 TOYSHOP owner Frank Hutchins (Cyril Cusack), Louise's firm friend, sympathises when her refusal of a marriage proposal from Begley makes it necessary for her to leave her job. She wants another position with children.

THE BLUE VEIL



3 WEALTHY Mrs. Palfrey (Agnes Moorehead), left, and her husband (Carleton G. Young) employ Louise as governess to youngest son Robbie. The older son has tutor.

THIS Wald-Krasna production of "The Blue Veil" is based on Francois Camille's story about a woman who devotes her life to the care and happiness of other people's children after having lost her own child.

The screenplay comprises four episodes in the life of this dedicated woman, and covers the period from the end of World War I to to-day. Jane Wyman, who plays the central role, and Cyril Cusack, as her lifelong friend, appear in all four episodes, but the rest of the cast, which includes Charles Laughton, Agnes Moorehead, and Audrey Totter, appear only in separate phases.



4 LEAVING some months later, the tutor, Gerald Kean (Richard Carlson), proposes to her, but Louise does not accept.



5 LONELY Stephanie (Natalie Wood), the daughter of an ambitious actress, is another of many children to find new happiness through the understanding and affection of Louise.



6 LEGAL fight by Louise to keep a little boy whom she has raised since babyhood fails when his mother (Audrey Totter) claims him after eight years. Ageing, lonely Louise regrets that she has deprived herself of family.



7 TREATMENT is sought by Louise when failing eyesight threatens her ability to continue working with children. The eye specialist proves to be her old pupil Robbie Palfrey (Don Taylor), who is overjoyed to see her.



8 INVITED to dine with Robbie and his wife, Louise finds that old pupils have gathered to honor her. Her joy is complete when Robbie asks her to stay and care for his children.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 30, 1952

MOVIE PAIRS SHARE LIMELIGHT

• Interesting star teams top the casts of three films that are coming this way. One film covers a lot of ground in a spy hunt in Turkey, the second meanders to earth from another planet in a space ship, and the third presents a social drama.

JAMES MASON and Danielle Darrieux (right) team in "Five Fingers," made by Fox on Turkish locations. This spy drama is based on the adventures of Albanian Ulysses Diello, highly paid espionage agent of World War II. James Mason plays this role.



PATRICIA NEAL and British Michael Rennie (left) cope with suspense in the Fox thriller "The Day the Earth Stood Still," a science-fiction story about a space ship.

JANE WYMAN and Kirk Douglas (right) co-star in Warners' version of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie" as the neurotic crippled heroine and her gentleman caller.



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The smooth spreading magic of Peggy Sage polish lends jewel-like lustre to your nails—a lustre that lasts. And this proud aristocrat of polishes comes in a dazzling array of subtly lovely colours—one to match your every mood & costume.

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TOMORROW**

depends
a lot on
TODAY



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Beecham's Pills
WORTH A
GUINEA A BOX
TONIGHT**



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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

New in autumn bridal collections is a bridal gown made in contrasting materials. This fashion news answers the letter below as well as many other readers with a similar problem.

"WOULD you design me a style for a formal wedding frock? I would like to have a lace bodice and velvet, satin, or crepe for the skirt. I am 5ft. 4in., so do not want a long train."

Lace and satin are my preference from the materials you mentioned. The dress, illustrated at right, has classic simplicity. The fitted lace bodice has long sleeves and a narrow ruffle of tulle reaching to trim the wide sweetheart neckline. The satin skirt is generously full and extends into a slight train. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

The dress requires 1½ yds. of 36in. lace, 9½ yds. of 36in. satin, and 1 yd. of 108in. wide tulle. The price is 6/6. The panel on this page will tell you where and how to order.

Tailored suit

"WHAT would be a really new design for a grey-speckled tweed winter suit? I am 20, and want the suit tailored but not severe."

A twelve-gored skirt worn over a crinoline petticoat plus a jacket with a tiny turn-down collar and up-to-the-throat buttoning would be a very new and attractive design for your age group.

Sports wear

"COULD you suggest a smart design and color combination for shorts and blouse? I am a honey-blond and look best in blue tonings."

With your coloring pale blue corduroy shorts worn with a pastel-check plaid sleeveless shirt or turquoise linen shorts with a sleeveless blue-and-white striped shirt would be attractive. Carry the color scheme right down to shoes and bag. For the latter straw is a smart choice.

Spencer jacket

"I HAVE a white lace formal dress from last season, and would like an idea for some type of jacket to wear over it when the weather becomes cool."

My suggestion is a "spencer" jacket. These new little jackets are shown in practically every French collection. The jacket comes just below the bust, and can button or tie in the front. This new "spencer" looks like being equal favorite with the stole for autumn.



DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4038, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 6/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Wedding gown is lace and satin.
Pattern price, 6/6.

Cocktail head-dress

"I HAVE a pink cocktail dress and would like your suggestion for some type of head-dress. Would a black eye-veil be suitable?"

Newer than an eye-veil would be designer Jacques Fath's pretty idea for the cocktail hour—a black rose worn as a topknot. Fath calls this new head-dress "chignon de Lorette." By the way, roses are the most popular flower for the new season.

New shades of red

"COULD I wear red shoes with a fawn linen suit? I have not as yet bought the shoes, and won't do so if you think they would look incorrect."

Certainly buy a pair of red shoes. They are becoming an established and year-round standby. When you choose the shade, look for "currant-red" with a slight russet cast. This new red looks superb with dark tweeds, pale linens, and terrifically chic with grey flannel.

Popular shades

"WOULD you please tell me what are the most popular shades for an autumn suit?"

Grey in all its shades and textures is the first color choice for autumn, and brown, after remaining in the fashion background for several seasons, ranks second to grey in importance. If you decide on the latter, you have the choice of a deep, rich brown, burnt cedar, and all ginger tones.

Princess lines

"I WOULD like your suggestion for a formal cocktail frock for autumn."

Something quite new for your autumn cocktail dress would be a design cut on princess lines. This very new revival is interpreted for after-five in short, crisp dresses unbelted and breaking into flares or box-pleats below the waist. The most suitable material is taffeta or ribbed silk.

Late summer

"PLEASE give me an idea for a dressy blouse to be made in pique, and a design for a late summer informal party dress."

Have your pique blouse tailored and finished with a little round collar, plus a yoke of alternate pique and net bands. For informal evenings a bare-top combined with a full skirt is the current fashion, the skirt made wide enough to take several petticoats. The top can be off-shoulder or a simple chemise with shoe-string shoulder ties. Popular materials for dresses in this category include sheer cotton plaids, embroidered linens and muslins, voile, and silk prints.

Full skirt

"WHAT type of full skirt would you recommend for a taffeta suit which has a tailored jacket?"

All-round sunburst pleating makes an extremely pretty skirt in taffeta, and a stiffened petticoat will give that extra spectacular fullness.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"FEDELMA." A pretty one-piece with a deep oval neckline, finished with a scalloped bertha collar. The material is spotted cotton haircord. The color choice includes red-and-white, green-and-white, navy-and-white, and tan-and-white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 54/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 40/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"DARYA." A smartly tailored one-piece with a white trim obtainable in a printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes sky-blue, lettuce-green, sage-blue, red, and lemon, printed with a white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 61/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/3.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 46/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 46.



TOOTAL RAYONS *tailor superbly*

On the left our artist shows a suggestion for a two-piece in LYSTAV—on the right a frock in LOMBIA. Both these lovely fabrics from the rayon section of the TOOTAL range are washable and carry the TOOTAL guarantee. LYSTAV comes in glowing prints as well as plain shades and LOMBIA is showing in some wonderful checked and striped colour woven styles.

Whether you go by air, rail or road—you'll always feel well-groomed in TOOTAL rayons marked TEBILIZED for tested crease-resistance.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE

Like all TOOTAL products these rayons carry the famous TOOTAL Guarantee, which says . . . "should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making-up".

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 30, 1952

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Serve Australia in the Australian Women's Services



**Interesting, well-paid careers
open to young women with initiative and ability**

Here is your chance to do something really worthwhile—to serve your country and help strengthen its defences—and, at the same time, to secure your future and advance your career. Service life is the most interesting and happy of all—with comradeship, congenial conditions and specialised training in the many and various duties so important to Service activities.

You will be well paid in the Women's Services and, unless accommodation is provided by the Service, will also draw a living-out allowance. Generous Service benefits include free medical and dental services, three weeks' annual leave with travel concessions while on leave, and initial free clothing issue including complete

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WRANS: (Women's Royal Australian Naval Service.) Unmarried women between 18 and 40. Ex-Servicewomen to 45.

WRAAC: (Women's Royal Australian Army Corps.) Unmarried women, or widows without children, between 18 and 30. Ex-Servicewomen to 35, ex-N.C.O.'s to 38.

WRAAF: (Women's Royal Australian Air Force.) Unmarried women, or widows without children, between 18 and 35 (ex-WAAF to 37).

Opportunities for entry and training in many occupations including:

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(Stenographers)
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Accounting Machine ex-
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Clerk, Medical
Coder
*Cook
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Diet Supervisor
Draughtswoman
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cipher)
Projectionist
Psychological Supervisor
*Sick Berth Attendant
*Stewardess
Storewoman
Storewoman, Technical
*Telegraphist
Teleprinter Operator
Typist
*Writer (Clerical)

WRANS enlistment is limited at present to those occupations marked with an asterisk ().

**For full details
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New South Wales: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Beach Road, Edgecliff, Sydney.

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Queensland: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Scottish Union House, 127 Eagle Street, Brisbane.

South Australia: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, Richards Building, 99 Currie Street, Adelaide.

Western Australia: Combined Services Recruiting Depot, 34 King Street, Perth.

Tasmania:
WRANS only: Franklin Wharf, Hobart.
WRAAF only: Anglesea Barracks, Davey Street, Hobart.



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Remember, there is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the one pictured above. This is the scientifically refined and purified Petroleum Jelly—which never varies in odor, colour and purity. Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Always ask for it by its full name. Keep it in your house for 101 daily uses.
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"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'y'd.
VJ13

Blame your
SLUGGISH LIVER
for these unpleasant
SYMPTOMS!

Constipation, heavy tired feeling, indigestion, headaches, a yellow, earthy skin—often result when a "sluggish" liver cuts down the supply of bile to the intestines.
Help correct sluggish liver function with Chamberlain's Tablets. Without habit-forming, harsh action, Chamberlain's Tablets quickly and gently act in stimulating liver activity, relieve constipation, assist in clearing the skin and in sweetening the breath. Try Chamberlain's Tablets to-night... prove how much brighter life becomes... how energy, cheerfulness and sparkling health is yours again.
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Cystex
Concentrated for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Of That Early World

Continued from page 13

VIRGINIA was already in the tent when she had the thought that someone might have preceded her and be in the storeroom. She lit the lamp, raised it above her head, and went cautiously to the door, looking through it on an angle to both left and right before she stepped within.

Fortunately, it was not hard to determine that the room was empty. She now faced only the problem of the night. As yet there was enough light outside to prevent her from feeling the nervousness of being in a lighted space surrounded by the dark.

Presently she would have to decide whether to keep the spurious comfort of the lamp or to make herself less vulnerable by becoming part of the darkness. She decided upon the latter course. It would be wise to keep her eyes accustomed to the darkness, so that she might be able to see as well as anything that came out of the darkness towards her.

After all, she had the advantage. She had the revolver. The man had only an axe.

As a precaution before turning down the light, she would bring out spare ammunition and check the revolver again. She brought the heavy box of bullets to the table in the screen porch, put her torch beside it, also a box of matches in case the torch failed. She set the lamp handy, added a butcher's knife—she did not quite know why—then looked at the revolver.

The same slow yet rapid wave of tingling passed over her at the thought of what could have happened in the forest, for the barrel of the revolver was jammed with sand! She must either have dropped it barrel first or scraped it through the sand as she picked it up when Franzy ran away. If she had tried to fire it, it would have failed to work or, more likely, exploded in her hand.

She found that she was trembling violently at the knowledge of her recent helplessness, and knew that Howard would have thought this foolish.

In one of the narrow escapes they had already had in the boat, he had laughed and said that so long as a thing came out all right he wouldn't worry about it; that most of the really bad things that nearly happened to us we didn't know about, such as all the deadly germs we nearly swallowed or the splinters that thought of giving us tetanus and didn't. Well, this had come out all right. She had only to clean the revolver.

The darkness was deepening outside, and caution prompted her to carry the revolver and the lamp into the specimen room so that no watching eyes could see that the gun was out of action.

At the end of ten minutes she knew that the matter was more serious than she had thought. The mechanism of the revolver was always heavy to her hands.

But now the airy emery powder of the sand had entered between the metal surfaces, adding a friction that she could not overcome, and something more than sand—perhaps a shell or a coral

pebble—had entered the barrel. She could not clear the barrel from the forward end and she could not break the gun to remove the chamber or get at the barrel from the rear.

She had, she found, been wrong in believing that she could never be more frightened than she had been as she had entered the mangroves. She had not even known terror then, but she knew it now. If the man came, she could not stop him! He could lift the screen-flap and walk in! She stood shaking, while small beads of sweat ran down her forehead.

And for the first time she knew the beauty of walls—wooden walls, stone walls, any walls! But between her and the night was only the gently swaying canvas and frail screening. She was now quite helpless except for the man's possible fear of the gun that she knew would not work, but that he would think could.

She considered how much she might rely on this. But she did not even know if she could calmly face the man while knowing that the gun in her hand was of no more use than a toy. In any case, the man was desperate. He had been hiding in the swamps for seven days.

Here, in the camp, must be in his eyes all the things he wanted; food, coffee, a weapon, clothes, and perhaps money to aid in his further flight. Men had come up against guns before and for less reason. With the inducement of all the things he wanted, he would take great chances.

She had a moment of cowardice in which she thought of slipping beneath the rear wall of the tent—holding to the hope that he was not already crouched against it—and fleeing into the darkness of the marshes to hide amongst the snakes and swamp things that normally she feared. Oh, to be safe, safe in a dark pool where only snakes or alligators might come!

Howard had said that wild things almost never harmed men unless they were provoked. She would be quite still and unprovoked! She would dart out now to get the knife and the torch and be gone into the swamp!

Unexpected pride and a deep and growing anger checked her. She had been too frightened until now to envisage the man as anything but the root of her fear.

Now he became the enemy. He had ruthlessly killed poor, blundering, and innocent Franzy, had killed that other and unknown woman. In her mind, she became in a way the champion of that other and slaughtered woman, who perhaps had been loved as she, Virginia, was; had wished to live as she did.

The man should not come unopposed into the camp to ravage Howard's prized possessions; perhaps, in a final gesture of destruction, fire the camp! She thought, "But how can I stop him? He is like a savage wild animal and what strength have I to oppose him? What can I do?"

Her mind reverted to the picture of the young world, in which, confronted by unlimited savagery, man had pitted his strength against forces which made his the strength of an insect. Only there remained his one desperately held quality—the ability to think...

She might still out-think the man in the swamp!

If she remained where she was, she might, during the night, free the gun. She might, if the man came before it was freed, be able to hold him off. But she doubted both these things.

QUICKLY she went about the tent, trying to think as the man might think. She gathered various items into a sack. Then she picked up the outboard motor for the dinghy, a can of petrol, and her large torch. Having finished the preparations for her plan, she did not know if she had the courage to carry it out.

She encountered also the unexpected difficulty of addressing the perhaps empty darkness. It was, she found, almost impossible to speak to what might be miles of emptiness. Then she got her voice under control.

She said loudly and clearly: "Listen, Wilson, I know you're here. If you try to come near me, I will shoot you. If you

Baby's food fads

BLAME yourself if your child won't eat.

You shouldn't spoil or yell at a child who just plays with his food. Nor should you force him to swallow the last drop or two from a bottle.

He will learn more readily to eat and enjoy his food if mealtime is presented to him as a pleasurable activity.

This and other health hints are included in a digest of the world's medical news in A.M. for February, which will be on sale next Friday.

Other subjects covered in the round-up include new theories on swimming cramp, a way to increase your child's weight, a Russian method of treating peptic ulcers, and a new technique to overcome sterility.

Australian models' lovely hair

feature of fashion parades

By MARGARET LAMOND

SPECTATORS at the recent glamor fashion parades have remarked on the outstanding beauty of the Australian models' hair. Most of Australia's loveliest models use Colinated Foam Shampoo because they find it keeps their hair silky-soft and shining.



Bambi Shmith

"I find it so delightful to use," says sophisticated Bambi Shmith, "and the way it keeps my hair silky-soft and shining all the time has made me a constant user of Colinated Foam Shampoo."



Norma Genevieve

Norma is naturally very excited about being in the glamor dress shows so much in the news. Sun-tanned, brown-eyed Norma remarked: "And am I glad I changed to Colinated Foam Shampoo! It's so easy now to keep my hair silky-soft and shining, and such a boon with the busy time I've been having lately."



Karen Scammell

Tall slender Karen Scammell says: "I find Colinated Foam Shampoo helps to keep my hair from drying out. It really works wonders, and my hair looks better than ever."

Colinated Foam Shampoo can do exactly the same for your hair as it does for Australia's leading models in keeping their hair silky-soft and shining. There are nine glamorous shampoos in a bottle. Get a bottle to-day and see how quickly you, too, can have glamorous looking hair.

Margaret Lamond

P.S. New Colinated Foam Shampoo contains a new hair conditioner which keeps your hair healthy and shining, and is a dandruff solvent as well.

Beauty in brief:

Care of the hands

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Keeping hands and nails in good condition is sometimes a little hard on the homemaker who doubles as family gardener.

NAILS that resist breakage are those that retain a sufficiency of natural oils. This is best achieved by keeping hands out of water as much as possible and wearing gloves whenever doing rough work of any kind.

Stepping up the calcium intake helps brittle nails. You'll have less nail patching to do if nails are permitted to grow out to the pad end of the finger-tips and are then rounded into a becoming oval.

If you wear long nails and varnish them, try putting varnish underneath the nail points as well as on their tops to save some chipping.

If you do nothing else to promote smooth hands, every time you use face cream on your skin make a point of massaging the cream that remains on your fingers into the hands. Massage your knuckles with it, and the cuticle around each nail.

Please turn to page 38

"Tom loves his medicine



—and so do I!"



EVERYONE LIKES LAXETTES

—the kindly
chocolate laxative

Medicine's a treat!—when it's Laxettes. A Laxette is simply a square of fine chocolate... but it contains an exact dose of phenolphthalein, the tasteless laxative that makes you better in the morning—with no griping and no possibility of overdosing or forming a habit. Nurses and wise mothers recommend Laxettes for all the family... they remove waste matter so thoroughly and so smoothly. Get some now!

YOU CAN'T TELL
THE DIFFERENCE



—but one makes you
feel better in the
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The SAUCE of
GOOD TASTE

Prepared from the concentrated goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes delicately spiced. Rosella Tomato Sauce never fails to add zest and appetizing flavor to everyday meals.



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TOMATO SAUCE

SUPPOSE

the torch should suddenly pick out flattened ears, bared fangs, and pink mouth? And the gun in her hand of no more use than a chip, and the knife at her belt little better!

She was already feeling the weight of the things she carried, and her knees nearly collapsed under her. She considered setting the things down where she was and telling the man—if there was a man—that he must take them and try to start the engine himself.

But he might not yet have heard her, and it was unlikely that he could start the temperamental engine.

Her torch was less effective in the forest; it created great shadows for every area of light. She continued to utter her reasoned words to the changing dance of shadows and twisted trunks and swinging air-roots.

She also knew that the forest had been unnaturally still. Normally, if entered by night, it was full of small paddings and rustlings and sleepy flutters as roosting birds adjusted their plumage. Something in addition to herself was in the forest, and had been there, disturbing the teeming activity of the night.

Some twenty feet from the end of the wood, she repeated her statement with particular clearness, shining the beam of the torch back down the trail, a wild and beautiful corridor through the black.

But as instantly as she turned to go forward, she heard a faint sound that was less a sound than an impact of weight behind her. Again her legs almost gave way.

Then she was walking across the lovely snow of the beach, on whose white surface her torch picked out every tiny shell. She put the things in the boat, holding them up one by one in the light of the torch, then she turned to the darkness behind her.

Of That Early World

Continued from page 37

She said loudly, "I have put the things I told you about in the boat. If you are close enough, you have seen them. Now I am going to shine the torch on the padlock of the chain that holds the boat so that you can see that it is still fastened. This is the key with the label on it! See! I have thrown it in the sand near the lock..."

"Now I am going to slide the boat far enough into the water for the propeller to clear—and then I will start the engine. If you are thinking of trying to stun me by throwing a rock or a hardwood stick at me, don't! I'm expecting it—and I'll dodge, and I've still got the gun!"

AFTER some four minutes of effort, she started the baulky engine, and the noise terrified her, for she had depended on her ears as much as her eyes for safety, and now she could hear nothing but the engine.

Stepping on to the sand she called, "Now I will walk away down the beach until you know that I am too far to shoot you. I still know that you would like this gun, but there is little chance that you can get it without my killing you, so you had better go without it!"

She walked to the east along the strip of firm wet sand at the edge of the softly stirring sea. When she was perhaps three hundred yards along the shore, she turned and sat down, doing perhaps the most difficult thing she had yet done in letting the torch shine on her as reassurance to the man that she was attempting no trick by creeping back to shoot at him or by aiming from where she was with some previously cached rifle, letting him be undistracted by any movement, encouraging him to

go and go quickly. Minutes passed that were an agony of years.

Her straining ears could hear nothing save the staccato popping and racing of the engine. She began to be convinced that all her art had been wasted, that either the man had not heard her or that it had never been the man, but some unknown thing in the deep woods.

Perhaps the man was even now raiding the camp? Perhaps her reasoning as to the man's reactions had been wrong and he was even now stalking her? Perhaps the man did have a gun, or even a rifle, stolen during the days of his flight, and, having let her start the engine for him, he was now aiming to kill her? Perhaps, on the other hand, a great animal was crawling towards her?

The terror held; then suddenly and unbelievably the sound of the engine altered, hesitated, steepened, and began its droning power song across the night. He had heard her! He had done what she wished! He was going away across the dark sea!

She snapped out the torch, collapsed against her own knees, and began to sob in the ecstasy of relief.

She returned to the beach, that was cool in purple storm-shadow, as Howard's launch appeared the next day.

He was waving to her and shouting happily, "I got one! I stopped off at the big hammock and found one! A blue liguus with the triple band!"

Then he looked about in surprise. "Where's the dinghy?"

She said, "You'll have to wade. It's gone."

He assumed with perhaps unflattering instance that she had lost it. He was as promptly

comforting. "We'll find it. Don't look so stricken, Boatman!" In a moment, he had splashed ashore through the water that was pale, pure green to-day. "Here, take a look at it!" He placed the small, exquisite shell in her palm, caught her face between his hands as his eyes approved her.

"It's a present for you. It's going to be named for you. Liguus virginia."

She thought wildly, I've been through the terrors of hell—and I get a snail named after me! For all the things that will happen to me through the years, across the jungles of the world, I'll get snails and insects named after me! And he's been looking for that mail for ten years and it's his dearest treasure, and he's given it to me—and I wouldn't have any other way than to try to go on deserving my snail!

She smiled. "Thank you, darling! It's a wonderful present! Oh, thank you so much!"

She took his hand as he made to lead her up the beach. She said calmly, "Howard, we'll have to send for the police..." She told him of what had happened, and saw his sorrow and anger for the dog, and his fear at the thought of what might have happened to her; but this time it was not overcome by the fact that it had come out all right.

She finished her recital. "It was dreadful losing Franny like that, but at least she didn't know about it. And I'm sure they'll find him without much difficulty. I put a still dose of laudanum in the whisky, and it's pretty certain he's out for the count."

He turned her to face him, staring with wonder and admiration into her face. "Can I pick 'em when it comes to wives!" He held her fondly. "I'll have to take better care of you!"

(Copyright)

Visibility Zero

Continued from page 10

LARGE patches of scud flung themselves between the plane and the earth. Eddie kept his eye glued to the railroad. He eased the ship lower until he felt a light tug on the wheel, then levelled off. Irvine was O.K. He'd do.

From 300 feet the ground was vertically visible, but he could see no more than 100 yards ahead.

"I've got Naperville tagged, skipper!" Melton called without removing his nose from the first officer's window. "There's the steeple right here on my side."

"O.K. Now watch for the radio towers at Downer's Grove. They'll be on the left in about two minutes."

Houses, automobiles, freight cars swept past. They were low enough to see people's up-turned faces gazing at them. It was snowing hard, and there were patches of fog that periodically blotted out the landscape. Another tug on the wheel warned Eddie to go no lower.

"You've got the lives of fifty people and a million-dollar piece of equipment in your hands every time you take off these days," the flight manager had told him during their talk. "We can't afford to take calculated risks. We've got to know, beyond a doubt, that our pilots are the best there are."

"I see a flock of smokestacks

Well, that made sense. An outfit like Apollo Air Lines had the highest reputation to uphold. It had every right to expect its pilots to be top-notch. There was only one sensible thing for him to do. The sooner he resigned the better it would be for all concerned.

Eddie saw the Downer's Grove radio towers loom dimly ahead. As he passed them he banked sharply to the south. Half a minute beyond the edge of town he turned east again. "Yell out if you pick up the old quarry pits before I do!" he shouted to Melton. It had been many years since he had attempted this type of flying. Most of the old landmarks, so vivid to his memory of the old days, were no longer in evidence.

This was the old way of doing it. He flew more by instinct than by vision, but he flew with the cool confidence born of experience, and a sublime unawareness of accomplishment. Such flights, routine in the past, were no less routine to-day for the veteran.

"There she is, Eddie!" Melton yelled. "Cock her over to the left a little, and you'll be right on it!"

"O.K. Now watch for the canal!"

about one o'clock!" Irvine called out.

"That's Argo," Eddie said. "The canal's just this side. Right east of Argo you'll see an arterial boulevard."

"O.K., I've got it spotted."

"Good; I'm going right down that bunch of tracks on the right. The field's about one minute ahead. Watch for traffic. And if the tower gives us the green light, we'll go straight in; otherwise we'll have to circle."

"Roger!"

"Watch my airspeed, Irvine. Don't let me get below 150."

"Yes, sir!"

"Melton, when you see a water tank with a big sign on it, let me know. That'll line us up with the north-east runway."

"Right!"

Of course it would be tough on Elly, too, knowing as she did how much he loved to fly. But they'd take a long vacation; get as far away from flying as possible...

"There's the green light, Eddie!" Melton shouted. "We're all clear to land!"

"O.K., I've got it!"

Irvine eased the throttles ahead as the airspeed dropped below 150. Quickly he ran through the final check.

"All set to land, sir," he said.

"There's the sign, and I can make out the runway faintly. They've got the lights on."

Eddie had the tank in sight, but his eyes were not so good as the younger man's. The runway was not yet visible to him. He made the turn anyway. The runway would show up. He lined up just east of the tank on a compass heading and held it. An instant later the long strip revealed itself, and Eddie brought the big ship to a landing and let it roll towards the unloading docks.

"That, my lad," Melton said to the first officer as they watched Captain Goram leave the ship and walk across the ramp towards the terminal. "was a lesson in real flying. Handling a plane like that is a lost art. Them old guys may not be so sharp on a hood-check, but get 'em in a real jam and they'll turn up an ace in the hole every time."

Young Irvine grinned appreciatively and nodded his concurrence as he watched the slim figure of his captain pause before a mailbox, deposit a letter, then disappear into the crowd.

(Copyright)

MR. BEAUMARIS,

being now in earnest, was far too experienced a sportsman to pursue his quarry too easily. He let several days pass without making any attempt to approach Arabella. Next he encountered her in a hall given by the Barnwoods.

He asked her to stand up with him for one of the country dances, but when the moment for taking their places in the set came he led her to a sofa.

"Shall you object to sitting down with me instead?" he asked. "One can never converse in comfort while dancing, and I must consult you about our urchin."

"No, indeed," she said warmly. "I have been so anxious to know how he goes on." She seated herself and raised her eyes inquiringly to him. "Is he well? Is he happy?"

"As far as I have been able to ascertain," replied Mr. Beaumaris carefully, "he is not only fast recovering the enjoyment of excellent health, but is achieving no common degree of felicity by conduct likely to deprive me of the services of most of my existent staff."

Arabella considered this. Mr. Beaumaris watched appreciatively the wrinkling of her thoughtful brow. "Is he very naughty?" she asked presently. "According to the report of my housekeeper, Miss Tallant, he is the embodiment of too many vices for me to enumerate."

She seemed to accept this with unimpaired calm, for she nodded understandingly.

"Pray do not think that I should dream of burdening you with anything so unimportant as the complaints of a mere housekeeper," begged Mr. Beaumaris. "But it is Alphonse!"

"Alphonse?"

"My chef," explained Mr.

Arabella

Continued from page 8

Beaumaris. "Of course, if you say so, ma'am, he shall go! For no doubt there are other chefs who have his way with a soufflé and who do not take such violent exception to the raids of small boys upon the larder."

"But this is quite absurd, Mr. Beaumaris," said Arabella severely. "You must have been indulging Jimmy beyond what is right! I dare say he is excessively ill-behaved; it is always so, unless their spirits are utterly broken, and we must be thankful that his are not."

"Very true," agreed Mr. Beaumaris, entranced by this wisdom. "I will at once present this view of the matter to Alphonse."

Arabella shook her head. "Oh, no, it would not be of the least avail, I dare say! Foreigners," she said largely, "have no notion how to manage children. What is to be done?"

"I cannot help feeling," said Mr. Beaumaris, "that Jimmy would benefit by country air."

This suggestion found favor. "Nothing could be better for him," agreed Arabella. "Besides, there is no reason why he should tease you, I am sure. Only how may it be contrived?"

Much relieved at having so easily cleared this fence, Mr. Beaumaris said, "The notion did just cross my mind, ma'am, that if I were to take him into Hampshire, where I have estates, no doubt some respectable household might be found for him."

"One of your tenants! The very thing!" exclaimed Arabella. "Quite a simple cottage, mind, and a sensible woman to take care of him. Only I am afraid she would have to be paid a small sum to do it."

Mr. Beaumaris, who felt that no sum could be too large

for the ridding of his house of the imp who threatened to disrupt it, bore up nobly under the warning and said that he had envisaged this possibility and was prepared to meet it.

It then occurred to Arabella that he might reasonably expect so great an heiress as herself to bear the charge of her protégé, and she embarked on a tangled explanation of why she could not at present do so. Mr. Beaumaris interrupted her speech when it showed signs of becoming ravelled beyond hope.

"No, no, Miss Tallant," he said. "Do not deny me this opportunity to perform a charitable action, I beg of you."

So Arabella very kindly refrained from doing so and bestowed so grateful a smile upon him that he felt amply rewarded.

"Are you quite in disgrace with Lady Bridlington?" he asked quizzically.

She laughed, but looked a little guilty. "I was," she owned. "But since she has seen that the story has not got about, she has forgiven me. She was persuaded that everyone would be laughing at me. As though I would care for such a thing as that, when I had but done my duty!"

"Certainly not."

THERE was a little pause, then Arabella said confidently, "Do you know, I had begun to believe that everyone in town—all the grand people, I mean—were quite heartless and selfish? I am afraid I was not quite civil to you—indeed, Lady Bridlington assures me that I was shockingly rude—but then, you see, I had no notion that you were not like all the rest. I beg your pardon!"

Mr. Beaumaris had the grace to acknowledge a twinge of conscience. It led him to say, "Miss Tallant, I did it in the hope of pleasing you."

Then he wished that he had curbed his tongue, for her confiding air left her and although she talked easily for a few more minutes he was fully aware that she had withdrawn from him again.

He was able to retrieve his position a few days later and took care not to endanger it again. When he returned from a visit to his estates he called in to give Arabella comfortable tidings of Jimmy, whom he had loisted on to a retired servant of his own.

She was a little concerned lest the town-bred wail should feel lost, but when he informed her that the last news he had of Jimmy was that he had let a herd of bullocks out of their field, pulled the feathers from the cock's tail, tried to ride an indignant pig, and eaten a batch of cakes newly baked by his kind hostess, she perceived that Jimmy was made of resilient stuff and laughed and said that he would soon settle down and learn to be a good boy.

Mr. Beaumaris then played his trump card. He thought Miss Tallant would like to know that he had taken steps to ensure the well-being of Mr. Grimsby's future apprentices. Arabella was delighted. "You have brought him to justice?"

"Well, not quite that," confessed Mr. Beaumaris. "You know, I could not feel that to

be appearing in a court of law was just what you would like. Then, too, when it is a question of apprentices, one is apt to find all manner of difficulties in the way of removing boys from their masters. It seemed best, therefore, to drop a word in Sir Nathaniel Conant's ear."

He went on to explain, "He is the Chief Magistrate, and as I have some acquaintance with him, the thing was easy. Mr. Grimsby will take care how he disregards a warning from Bow Street, I assure you."

Arabella was a little sorry to think that Mr. Grimsby was not to be cast into gaol, but being a sensible girl she readily appreciated the force of Mr. Beaumaris' arguments and told him that she was very much obliged to him.

She sat pondering deeply for some moments, while he watched her, wondering what now was in her head.

"It should be the business of people with interest and fortune to inquire into such things," she said suddenly. "No one seems to care a button in a great city like this."

She went on, her voice quivering with feeling. "I have seen such dreadful sights since I came to London—such beggary, and misery. Lady Bridlington does not care to have such things spoken about, but, oh, I would like so much to help such children as poor Jimmy!"

"Why don't you?" he asked coolly.

Her eyes flew to his; he knew that he had been too blunt; she would not tell him the truth about herself. Nor did she. After a tiny pause, she said, "Perhaps, one day, I shall."

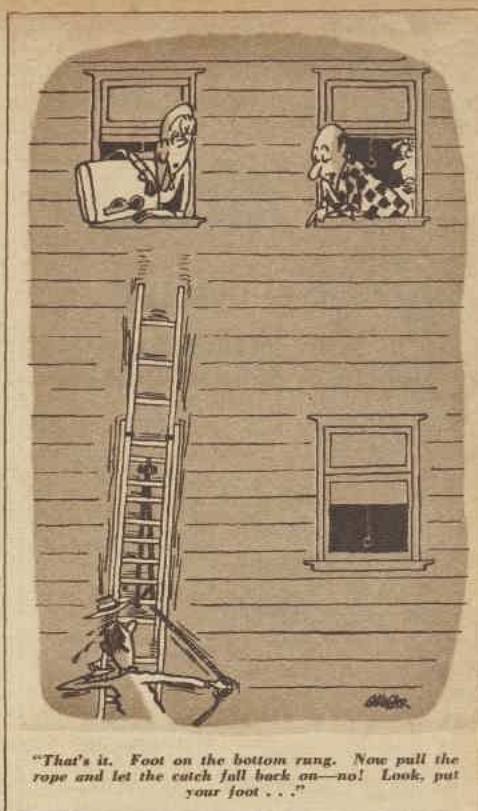
He wondered whether her godmother had warned her against him, and before long he was sure of it. This was when, quite to his surprise, Arabella excused herself from dancing with him at the next Assembly, and he could only watch, in mixed chagrin and amusement, as she walked off with another partner.

But the warning came from Lord Bridlington. Mr. Beaumaris' marked attentions to Arabella, including as they had so extraordinary a gesture as the adoption of Jimmy, had aroused the wildest hopes in Lady Bridlington's shallow brain, but her son soon dashed them.

"You would do well, ma'am, to put your young friend a little on her guard with Beaumaris," he said weightily. "His intimates are saying that it is all pique, because she does not appear to favor him above any other. You should know, Mama, that bets are being laid and taken at White's against Miss Tallant's holding out against this siege."

"How odious men are," exclaimed Lady Bridlington indignantly. "Odious they might be, but if they were laying bets of that nature at the clubs, there was nothing for a conscientious chaperon to do but warn her charge once more against lending too credulous an ear to an accomplished flirt. Arabella assured her that she had no intention of doing so."

"No, my dear, very likely not," replied her ladyship. "But there is no denying that he is a very attractive man. I am sadly afraid that it is a



"That's it. Foot on the bottom rung. Now pull the rope and let the catch fall back on—no! Look, put your foot . . ."

kind of sport with him to make females fall in love with him."

"I shall not do so," declared Arabella. "I like him very well, but I hope I am not such a goose as to be taken in by him."

Lady Bridlington looked at her rather doubtfully. "No, my love, I hope not indeed. To be sure, you have so many admirers that we need not consider Mr. Beaumaris. I suppose—you will not be offended at my asking, I know—I

suppose no eligible gentleman has proposed to you?"

Quite a number of gentlemen, eligible and ineligible, had proposed to Arabella, but she shook her head. Indeed, she felt her situation to be quite unhappy. Easter was almost upon them, and there had been plenty of time for her, with the opportunities which had been granted to her, to have fulfilled her mama's ambitions.

Please turn to page 40

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1 WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

2

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M-M-M SO MUNCHY!

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RECALLING

that it had cost Mama so much money, which she could ill afford, to send her to London, Arabella felt guilty. The least a grateful daughter could have done would have been to have repaid her by accepting some respectable offer of marriage.

But she could not do it. She cared for none of those who had proposed to her, and, in any case, she was resolved to accept no offer from anyone ignorant of her true circumstances.

Perhaps there was still to come into her life some suitor to whom it would be possible to confess the whole, but he had not yet appeared, and, pending his arrival, it was with relief that Arabella turned to Mr. Beaumaris, who, whatever his intentions might be, certainly coveted no fortune.

Mr. Beaumaris offered her every opportunity to turn to him, but he could scarcely congratulate himself on the outcome. The smallest attempt at gallantry had the effect of transforming her from the confiding child he found so engaging into the society damsel who was ready enough to fence lightly with him, but who showed him quite clearly that she wanted none of his practised love-making.

When Lady Bridlington had repeated much of her son's warning, not omitting to mention the fact that Mr. Beaumaris' friends knew him to be merely trifling, Mr. Beaumaris found Miss Tallant even more elusive.

He was reduced to employing an ignoble stratagem, and, having been obliged to visit his estates on a matter of business, sought Arabella out upon his return and told her that he wished to consult her again about Jimmy's future. In this manner he lured her to drive out with him in his curicle.

It was a fine, warm afternoon, with the sun so brightly shining that Arabella ventured to wear a very becoming straw hat, and to carry a small sunshade with a very long handle. She thanked Mr. Beaumaris prettily when he announced his intention of driving to Richmond Park, saying that it reminded her of the country.

"Do you know Richmond Park, then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Arabella cheerfully. "Lord Fleetwood drove me there last week; and then, you know, the Charnwoods got up a party and we all went there in three barouches."

"I must count myself fortunate, then, to have found you on a day when you had no other engagement," remarked Mr. Beaumaris.

"Yes, I am out a great deal," agreed Arabella. She unfurled the sunshade, and said, "What was it that you wished to tell me about Jimmy, sir?"

"Ah, yes, Jimmy," he said. "Subject to your consent, Miss Tallant, I am making—indeed,

Arabella Continued from page 39

I have made—a trifling change in his upbringing. I fear he will never come to any good under Mrs. Burton's roof, and still more do I fear that if he remained there he would shortly be the death of her. At least, so she informed me when I went down to Hampshire the day before yesterday."

She gave him one of her warm looks. "How very kind that was of you! Did you go all that way on that naughty boy's account?"

Mr. Beaumaris was sorely tempted. He glanced down at his companion, met her innocently inquiring gaze, hesitated and then said, "Well, no, Miss Tallant; I had business there."

She laughed. "I thought it had been that."

"In that case," said Mr. Beaumaris, "I am glad I did not lie to you."

"How can you be so absurd? As though I should wish you to put yourself to so much trouble! What has Jimmy been doing?"

"It would sadden you to know; Mrs. Burton is persuaded that he is possessed of a fiend. The language he employs, too, is not such as she is accustomed to. I regret to say that he has also alienated my keepers, who have quite failed to impress upon him the impropriety of disturbing my birds, or stealing pheasants' eggs."

"Of course he should be punished for doing so! I dare say he has not enough employment. One must remember that he has been used to work and should be made to do so now. It is not at all good for anyone to be perfectly idle."

"Very true, ma'am," agreed Mr. Beaumaris meekly.

Miss Tallant was not deceived. She looked sharply up at him and bit her lip, saying after a moment, "We are speaking of Jimmy!"

"I hoped we were," confessed Mr. Beaumaris.

"You are being nonsensical," said Arabella, with some severity. "What is to be done with him?"

"I found, upon inquiry, that the only person inclined to regard him favorably is my head groom, who says that his way with the horses is quite remarkable. It appears that he has been for ever slipping off to the stables, where, for a wonder, he comports himself unexceptionably."

Arabella nodded eagerly, and, after a moment, Mr. Beaumaris continued, "Wrexham was so much impressed by finding him—er—hobnobbing with a bay stallion generally thought to be extremely dangerous that he came up to represent to me the propriety of handing the boy over to him to train."

"He is a childless man, and since he expressed his willingness to house Jimmy, I thought it better to fall in with his schemes. I hardly think Jimmy's language will shock

him and I am encouraged to hope, from what I know of Wrexham, that he will know how to keep the boy in order."

Arabella approved so heartily of this arrangement that he took the risk of saying in a melancholy tone, "Yes, but if it succeeds I shall be at a loss to think of a pretext for getting you to drive out with me."

"Dear me, have I shown myself so reluctant?" said Arabella. "I wonder why you will talk so absurdly, Mr. Beaumaris? You may depend upon it that I shall take care to be seen every now and then in your company, for I cannot run the risk of having it said that the Nonpareil has begun to find me a dead bore."

"You stand in no such danger, Miss Tallant, believe me." He drew in his horses for a sharp bend in the road and did not speak again until the corner was negotiated.

"I am afraid that you deem me a very worthless creature, ma'am," he said then. "What am I to do to convince you that I can be perfectly sensible?"

"There is not the least need; I am sure that you can," she replied amicably.

After that she became interested in the countryside and from that passed to her forthcoming presentation. This event was to take place in the following week and already her dress had been sent home from the skilful costumier who had altered an old gown of Lady Bridlington's to the present mode.

MISS TALLANT

naturally did not tell Mr. Beaumaris that her gown would not be a new one, but she did describe its magnificence to him, and found him both sympathetic and knowledgeable.

He asked her what jewels she would wear with it, and she replied in a very grand way, "Oh, nothing but diamonds!" and was promptly ashamed of herself for having said it, although it was perfectly true.

"Your taste is always excellent, Miss Tallant. Nothing could be more displeasing to a fastidious eye than a profusion of jewellery. I must congratulate you on having exerted so beneficial an influence over your contemporaries."

"I?" she gasped, quite startled and half suspecting him of quizzing her.

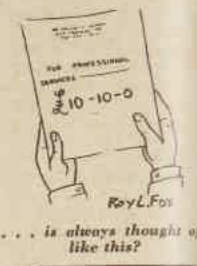
"Certainly. The total lack of ostentation which characterises your appearance is much admired. I assure you, and is being copied."

"You cannot be serious!"

"But of course I am serious. Had you not noticed that Miss Accrington has left off that shocking collar of sapphires, and that Miss Kirkmichael no



WHY IS IT — that the doctor, after years and years of this . . .



longer draws attention to the limitations of her figure by a profusion of chains, brooches, and necklaces which I suppose her to have chosen at random from an over-stocked jewel-box?"

There was something so irresistibly humorous to Arabella in the thought that her straitened circumstances had been at the root of a new mode that she began to giggle. But she would not tell Mr. Beaumaris why she sat chuckling beside him.

He did not press her for an explanation, but as they had by this time reached the Park, suggested that she might like to walk on the grass for a little way, while the groom took charge of the curricles.

She assented readily and, while they strolled about, Mr. Beaumaris told her something of that home of his in Hampshire. The bait failed. Mrs. Tallant confined her remarks on her own home to descriptions of the Yorkshire scene and would not be lured into exchanging family reminiscences.

"I collect that your father is still alive, ma'am? You mentioned him, as I remember, on that day that you adopted Jimmy."

"Did I? Yes, indeed he is alive, and I wished for him very much that day, for he is the best man in the world, and he would have known just what was right to be done."

"I shall hope to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance one day. Does he come to London at all?"

"No, never," replied Arabella firmly.

She could not imagine that Mr. Beaumaris and Papa would have the least pleasure in one another's acquaintance, thought that the conversation was getting on to dangerous ground, and reverted to her society manner.

To be continued

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Change to **KOLYNOS** the **Active** dental cream

Man Across The Way

Continued from page 6

NEXT came Mr. Tomkins' voice, saying, "I don't like to leave 'er like this—" "I'll try to find out where her husband is," said the voice. "She's not hurt or anything, only shaken up. Can you tell me where I can get hold of him?"

There was a slight pause. Heather stirred, feeling she ought to say something, but she heard Mr. Tomkins speaking a little uncomfortably, "There—there ain't no 'usband, sir—you see, that was just a bit of my badinage—sorry about it, sir—I'll be back later, sir, when I get cleared up a bit."

Heather heard Mr. Tomkins' familiar heavy tread going down the stairs. Suddenly, in the still room, there was a laugh. It was a happy laugh, almost a laugh of relief. Heather opened her eyes, and found a pair of grey ones looking anxiously down into them.

"Are you all right? You're sure you're all right?" inquired the young man who had given Victoria the toffee.

With a jump, Heather came to. She was in his flat! This strange man! She was here in his flat—in her housecoat! She must get back across the road to her own home at once!

Rising shakily, she tottered, clutched at him, and began to fall. Then she felt his strong arms round her, supporting her—clasping her—and what was this? He was holding her, yes, but surely—surely there was no need to hold her quite so tightly—could he—be embracing her?

It was most unexpected, and unorthodox—and yet delicious—quite delicious. She was going to faint again, she felt it—Heather slid back into the armchair and gave a deep sigh.

Dick knelt beside her chair. "You know, you really did jolly well," he was saying. "You ought to get a medal for saving that poor horse twice in one morning. It took a bit of pluck to do what you did."

Heather looked into his grey eyes. She felt brave. She was a heroine. Not many girls would have had the presence of mind to do as she had done: hang grimly on to the bridle of that terrified, plunging horse. Deep down in her heart she had to confess to herself that she had really not been brave at all. She had simply done the most sensible thing at that precise moment.

Perhaps this was how great deeds were done? You didn't think—it was all over in a second—and then you got the V.C. The idea of the rescue of Victoria and her milk cart leading to the V.C. suddenly seemed irresistibly funny to Heather. She had a vision of herself at Buckingham Palace, and Mr. Tomkins and Victoria waiting outside with the milk cart. The corners of her mouth turned up, and she smiled.

Dick was overwhelmed. She's divine, he thought. Fate—or magic—has led me to this street! The whole day is magic—as enchanting as her smile! He wanted to burst into song, and he looked again at her finger, no wedding ring—not even an engagement ring. Heather saw the look, and in a flash she interpreted it, and was shocked to find that she had interpreted it.

She pulled herself up from the chair.

"I must go now," she said firmly. "Where's—where's your dog?" she added. She didn't know quite why she asked this; it would only lead to more conversation.

"Oh, poor old Chips! He's under the bath. He always goes there when he knows he's in disgrace. But it's filthy dirty. I don't think the last tenant cleaned under the bath. In fact, the whole place is dirty."

Heather looked round at the untidy room, and saw that he was right. She knew she should go now, but she stood there. Dick went on talking.

"Haven't been in more than one night, of course. I'm no good at housework."

Heather smiled again, and was aware that Dick was looking at her. When she saw the undisguised admiration in his eyes, her heart gave a little jump.

"What's your name?" he said abruptly.

"Heather," she answered. "I must go—as I just said. Thank you for—all you've done."

"You're sure you'll be all right?" he asked, still gazing at her. Then he had a brain wave. "Have some toffee!"

Before Heather could reply, a sticky lump was pressed into her hand. That'll settle her, thought Dick. Get that into her mouth and she won't be able to speak for ten minutes—adorable creature—I can't let her go yet!

Heather put the toffee in her mouth. She smiled at him and, despite the large lump of toffee, looked as pretty as ever. He smiled back at her and she sat down.

After that, it seemed only neighborly for Heather to help Dick to clean up his flat, arrange his furniture, and hang his pictures. That took them all afternoon. And then Dick asked Heather if she was doing anything that evening—and, of course, she wasn't.

And, as he said, it did seem an occasion for a celebration and Heather had a new, low-cut evening dress she hadn't yet worn. She'd known it was extravagant when she bought it, but the expression in Dick's eyes when she walked into his

flat told her it was worth every penny.

"I'm glad you're not married," he murmured. She looked puzzled and he told her about Mr. Tomkins' "bit of badinage." She laughed.

"And I'm so glad you're not an old gentleman with a beard," she said, touching his nice, brown, clean-shaven chin with a tentative finger. Somehow, after that, they felt as if they'd known each other for years.

It was a fortnight later. The sunshine poured once more into the street. The geraniums were brighter than ever before. At about nine o'clock the voice of Mr. Tomkins was heard. He came clattering along, leaving his bottles at every door, with Victoria following behind.

Towards the middle of the street two front doors opened simultaneously: the green one and the yellow one. Mr. Tomkins saw Heather come out wearing a cherry-colored coat. He saw that her eyes were very bright and that her smile was gay. Dick came from the door opposite. "Ready, darling!" he called.

"All ready—and it's the loveliest morning," Heather crossed to Dick. She saw Mr. Tomkins and called, "Good morning, Mr. Tomkins. We're off for the day."

Suddenly Heather left Dick, and ran over to Victoria. Victoria was a little surprised. She felt her head being pulled downwards, she saw two bright eyes come close to her own, and she heard a voice whisper: "Thank you, Victoria." Victoria blinked and turned away, shaking her head, a puzzled expression on her long, solemn face.

They went off down the street together, Dick and Heather, arm in arm. They'd forgotten to say good-bye to Mr. Tomkins. But Mr. Tomkins didn't mind. He smiled as he watched them go, and thought sentimentally of the days when he was young. He turned to Victoria. "Gon' be a weddin' in these parts soon, my nightingale," said Mr. Tomkins.

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All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Billy beamed. His dad had just said: "I say, Bill, that was a fine catch you made in the cricket match I saw you fellows playing as I came in."

Theresa felt happy, too. Her mother had quietly thanked her for making such a good job of tidying up the yard.

Too often adults overlook the pat on the back. Somehow or other it is felt that these things should be taken for granted or that a child will be spoiled if praised too much.

Of course, it is possible to overdo any good thing. Praise backfires if it's piled on so thick that children doubt the praiser's sincerity.

But, in general, a word of praise or appreciation has a



A kind word helps.

fine effect. Everyone needs to be appreciated, and when children are shown approval in a quiet, sincere way they bloom.

Indeed, many of the discipline problems that worry parents would fade away if a little more time was spent approving and not so much correcting.



LILAC, parma-violet, and oyster shades set off the antique ivory-lacquered furniture in the main bedroom of the Hon. and Mrs. Simon Warrender's home, Toorak, Melbourne. Triple mirror is Venetian.

OLD-WORLD FURNITURE IN NEW SETTING

THE Hon. and Mrs. Simon Warrender have used antiques from the Warrender family home, Lochend, Dunbar, Scotland, to furnish their home in Toorak, Melbourne.

Part of the City of Edinburgh is built on what was formerly the Lochend estate.

Before her marriage in London in 1950 Mrs. Warrender was Pamela Myer, of Melbourne.

Her husband is the second son of Lord Bruntisfield, a former Controller of Buckingham Palace, and Dorothy, Lady Bruntisfield.

The reception-rooms of the Warren- ders' home are rich in color and the furnishings blend perfectly with the period pieces brought from Scotland.

The library is done in Regency-style with feather-green walls, and its hand-made, 150-year-old carpet has a pattern formed of a section of the family coat of arms.

In the bathroom and kitchen modern light colors are used and the fittings are streamlined.

The mother-of-pearl, pink-tiled bathroom has a recessed bath and primrose-and-wine fittings. Towels are jade-green.

A pantry which connects the dining-room and kitchen is done in buttercup and Italian-blue, and a flight of ceramic bees, made in the south of France, has been placed over the door leading to the kitchen.



THE CHAIR at the foot of the curving staircase was the one on which Mr. Warrender's father, Lord Bruntisfield, sat at the coronation of King George VI.



FRENCH and antique furniture is combined in the guest-room, which is designed to provide as well a comfortable sitting-room for guests, with easy chairs and bookshelves.



A ROBERT ADAMS fireplace was built into the Regency dining-room. The portrait of Mrs. Warrender was a wedding present from the artist, Sir Oswald Birley.



LOOKING from the elegantly furnished drawing-room into the dining-room. The carpet is a 300-year-old design in hand-made Aubusson in the style of a French salon.

There's nothing spooky in sleepwalking

There is nothing supernatural about walking in your sleep, although some people still have superstitious beliefs about it.

In days gone by there was a general belief that sleeping in the moonlight would turn you into a sleep-walker.

OTHER popular—and erroneous—beliefs were that the sleep-walker possessed occult powers, or that if you wakened him he would in all probability drop dead.

Incredible feats have been attributed to the sleep-walker, such as walking on ropes and along narrow parapets with ease and safety, reading and writing while the eyes appeared to see nothing and solving problems with a mind that retained no recollection.

Children are more prone to somnambulism than adults. Many grow out of it. But even so it is not as common in children as bed-wetting or nail-biting.

It is closely related to nightmare and what is called "night terror." It sometimes indicates an excitable and somewhat unstable state of mind.

Any factor that robs the child of his sense of security, his parents' love, any incident that strikes real terror into his mind or makes him the unwilling slave of fear is likely to lead to sleep-walking or to one of its closely allied reactions.

Sleep-walking has the ap-

pearance of the enactment of a dream. The movements are carried out unconsciously, usually with staring eyes and dilated pupils, but the whole manoeuvre seems to possess a goal.

The child leaves his bed quietly and as naturally as if it were morning and time to get up. He puts on the light and with a slight swaying movement commences walking towards his objective.

The dream may be a reminiscence of some part of the day's activity. It may be a highly symbolic drama. The actions may therefore be simple or complicated.

They may change on different occasions or remain the same on successive somnambulist excursions. Many sleep-walkers seem to perform to a set pattern.

But whatever it may be, when the goal is achieved the sleep-walker goes quietly back to bed, generally without waking, and resumes his rest. As a rule morning brings no recollection of the experience.

If the sleep-walker is awakened during his promenade he is likely at first to appear con-

fused and foolish, and to wonder how he came to leave his bed.

Waking him up not only puts an end to the unconscious expedition but does no harm whatsoever to the person concerned.

Most sleep-walkers are harmless. They carry out their night wandering without upsetting themselves or causing disturbance to others.

They appear to be careful in their movements, and to show little uncertainty when in dangerous positions. Many go about as if walking with eyes shut was second nature to them.

But in spite of this weird self-confidence there is always a potential danger that the sleep-walker may meet with an accident, as indeed some have.

While it is commonly believed that the sleep-walker can dodge obstructing articles and avoid common dangers with uncanny intuition, in fact this is not always so.

Many grow out of it

Some have been known to injure themselves tripping over furniture or falling down stairs.

A few have met an accidental death. Occasionally they have inadvertently set fire to the house.

Aggressive tendencies are encountered, and occasionally homicidal acts have been committed by individuals of markedly unstable personality.

These cases are exceptional and occur very infrequently. The average sleep-walking child, for instance, does nothing dramatic, and makes but a small excursion—into another

room or to some other part of the house, the bathroom, or the kitchen—then returns to bed.

Talking in one's sleep (somnolquy) is a very common occurrence, both in children and adults—though it more often occurs in children. It may accompany acts of sleep-walking (as it did with Lady Macbeth) but more often it occurs while the person is comfortably asleep in bed.

Sometimes a child will sit up in bed, wide-eyed and unconscious, and start talking. This talk may be rambling and disconnected or short and to the point—a flat denial of something, a request or an exclamation.

On the other hand it may be just a meaningless jumble of words or odd words said clearly enough, but bereft of any context.

Whatever kind of speech it may be, it is all part of a dream and is therefore very seldom intelligible to the listener.

Sleep talking may connote a highly strung and nervous child, but it also occurs in perfectly normal children, especially when they are wrought up by examinations or other ordeals which must be faced.

Somnolquy by itself is of little moment, and seldom calls for any treatment. But neither sleep-walking nor talking should be confused with "night terror" in which talking and walking both occur.

The child who suffers from an attack of "night terror" looks, and is, terrified. Every action shows fear.

He frequently jumps out of bed screaming, and rushes round the room as if trying



THE SLEEP-WALKER can often avoid common dangers in performing such acts as walking up or down stairs, but accidents are not unusual.

to get away from something pursuing him. He clings to objects or persons in the room for protection. His startled eyes are wide open, though he is completely unconscious.

He tells of the dread object (snake, dragon, burglar, or policeman) that is trying to catch him, and implores protection. His words are wild with apprehension.

He is in a state of extreme agitation, and remains so until the attack passes off in spite of constant reassurances.

The attack passes off as suddenly as it commences, and the

child sinks back at once into a calm sleep, having, when morning comes, no recollection of the occurrence or the dream that gave rise to it.

"Night terrors" and sleep walking indicate that all is not well in the child's emotional life, and they call for psychological investigation.

Physical disorders also require rectification.

The medical outlook, for the most part, is good, but it is a pity to neglect early treatment on the dubious grounds that the child will ultimately "grow out of it."

From Children to Grandchildren

23 years of VELVET CARE Says Aunt Jenny



When Aunt Jenny called on Mrs. E. Campbell—the grandmother of 14 children—at 97 Holt Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W., she learned how Mrs. Campbell's family has always been able to save on clothes and linens by passing on many of the things. Mrs. Campbell's daughter, Mrs. Wong said to Aunt Jenny—"These baby clothes have all been handed on to my son John, after years of use. You'd never know it, would you . . . and thanks to Velvet they'll keep that fresh look for years yet!"



"I bought this towel in 1928," smiles Mrs. Campbell. "And do you know, my 7 children and most of my 14 grandchildren all used it when they were babies. There's not a single broken thread—a real credit to Velvet washing."



Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why Velvet-washed clothes last longer . . .



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—look strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed—yet not a grain of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

Cotton jersey for summer

SIMPLY styled with an interesting broken-rib pattern, this cotton jersey would always look fresh and trim.

When washing, add a little salt to the final rinsing water and press while slightly damp.

Materials: Three 2oz. balls Alexander's Knitting Cotton, No. 4, white; 1 pair of Milner's "Phantom" needles, No. 12; 1 reel matching shirring elastic; 4 small buttons.

Note: In all ribbing, work with the shirring elastic on back of work every third row.

Measurements: Bust, 35-in.; length, 20-in.; sleeve arm, 9-in.

Tension: 8 stitches to lin.

Important Note: To obtain correct measurements, it is es-

sential that the tension corresponds with that quoted above. If your tension of knitting does not agree, try other sizes of needles until the right tension is produced. This is very important.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; at(s), stitch(es); inc, increase or increasing; dec, decrease or decreasing; rem, remain or remaining; patt, pattern; alt, alternate; tog, together.

PATTERN

This consists of 8 rows in p 1, k 1 rib followed by 8 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. These 16 rows form pattern.

FRONT

Cast on 112 sts. Work 5 inches in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to patt., and inc. 1 st. at both

ends of 9th and every 4th row following 14 times (140), taking extra sts. into patt. as they come.

When work measures 13-in. from start:

Shape Armholes.—Keeping in patt., cast off 4 on next 4 rows (124), dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 5 rows (114) and next 5 alt. rows (104). Continue straight until 18-in.

Shape Neck.—Patt. 40, take 2 tog., put next (centre) 20 sts. on safety-pin for front neck, turn, and dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 4 rows, then on every alt. row until 34 sts. rem. Work straight until 20 inches from start.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 12, 11 and 11 on next 3 alt. rows at armhole edge. Join cotton to neck edge of rem. 42 sts., take 2 tog., patt. to end and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

BACK

Work this exactly like the front until 104 sts. rem. after armhole shaping. On the next 1st patt. row—that is, when changing over the rib—rib 50, cast off next (centre) 4 for back opening, rib to end and continue in patt. on last 50 sts. until 1 inch shorter than front (19 inches).

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 12, 11 and 11 on next 3 alt. rows at armhole edge. Join cotton to back opening edge of rem. 50 sts. and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

Cast on 88 sts. and work in patt., inc. at both ends of 5th and every 4th row, and bringing extra sts. into patt. as

they come, until 104 sts. are on needle.

Work 3 rows after last inc. then

Shape Top.—Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alt. row until 80 rem., then on every row until 24 rem. Cast off.

TO COMPLETE

Do not press, except at seams.

Join shoulder seams and press them. Holding work right side towards you, pick

up and rib across 16 of back neck, pick up and k 26 round left front neck edge, rib across 20 of centre-front, pick up and k 26 round right front neck edge, and rib across last 16 of back neck. Work 1 inch in k 1, p 1 rib, then cast off in rib. With right side facing, pick up 48 sts. evenly along left back neck opening.

Rib 3 rows.

Next Row.—Rib 3 (cast off, 3, rib until 10 sts. are on

needle after gap) 3 times, cast off 3, rib to end.

On next row cast on 4 sets of 3 sts. over gaps. Rib 3 more rows, cast off.

Pick up 48 sts. along right back opening, rib 8 rows and cast off. Sew down button underflap and buttonhole flap above it, at lower edge only.

Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

Sew in sleeves and press seams, join side and sleeve seams and press them.

THE broken-rib pattern of this easily knitted jersey is attractive. Shirring elastic in the deep basque ensures a snugly fitting waist and hipline.



Miss Precious Minutes says:



A TORCH attached to a funnel with a strong elastic band, left, provides a good light when snail hunting or when making roadside repairs to a car at night.

FINGER COVER. When hammering nails put the finger through thick paper or cardboard first, as shown right. The paper stays before driving home.



After 25 — Beware of Dry Skin

Drying begins to show first in the places pictured here. See how best to help correct it!

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye. From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft, smooth and pliant, starts decreasing. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil. But you can help offset this drying out

—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is extra-rich in lanolin, which is very like the oil of the skin itself—this special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

LA COMTESSE ALAIN DE LA FALAISE says:

"Always it amazes me how quickly Pond's Dry Skin Cream softens skin that feels dry or a bit roughened.

I think it is a masterpiece."



First on your Cheeks.—dryness is often noticed; flaky "dry-skin" patches can spoil make-up.
To Correct.—Work into your cheeks nightly plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream, from chin-line up in front of ears.



Under your Lower Lip.—little dry "puckers" tighten, make your mouth look "set" and older.
To Relax.—Always at bedtime smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream in well from the centre of your lip out and up to each corner.



Between your Eyebrows.—tiny, dry lines etch in.
To Smooth Down.—Circle the cream on gently, making firm, quick little circles up between your eyes—out over your eyebrows to your temples.



Around your Eyes, on Eyelids.—dry "crow's-feet" come; skin takes on a dark "crinkled" look.
To "Uncrinkle" Dry Lines—Finger-tap Pond's Dry Skin Cream very lightly around your eyes. Leave on lids all night.



Along your Chin-Line.—you don't want that matronly-looking sagging to start.
To Tone Up.—Use thumb and first finger and "pinch along" from point of chin to ear with rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

New rich in lanolin
homogenised
special emulsifier



Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!

FOIT

Make sure
YOU are safe!
BEAT THE
HEAT WITH LIFEBOUY



**LIFEBOUY GUARANTEES
YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM B.O.**

Tests show that from the day you start to use Lifebuoy, you start to safeguard yourself against B.O., and as you go on using Lifebuoy you build up increasingly better protection. No other soap tested could match Lifebuoy because no other soap contains Lifebuoy's exclusive purifying ingredient... Lifebuoy is the only soap specially made to stop B.O.

Make this test—For just 10 days use Lifebuoy in your daily bath or shower—then check the difference it has made to your personal freshness. Make a special check on perspiration points. You'll be convinced you are safe.



W.309.VVV81g

Women care for
lovely clothes...
so does
Acme!

Your prettiest things—delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens—all are safe with Acme. And the reason? Acme pressure! Firm, even pressure, controlled by Acme's latest feature the 'pressure indicator', working through resilient rubber rollers. These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. It is these special rollers which expel embedded dirt, along with the surplus water. This extra cleansing means that everything you wring, from a slip to a slip-cover, from bib to blanket, comes out looking cleaner than ever before and with longer life ahead. Acme pressure means care for the whole family wash—lasting care!



ACME

the cleanser-wringer
A product of 70 years'
manufacturing experience



Obtainable at all
leading hardware and
departmental stores

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Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE, SCOTLAND

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6751.—Easy-to-make beginners' pattern for a small girl's pinafore. Sizes: 18, 20, 23, and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 yrs. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

F6752



F6755



F6754.—Slim one-piece has braid trim on new sailor-type collar and skirt pockets. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1½yds. braid. Price, 3/6.

F6724.—Smart below-knee-length pants and middie blouse top. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material for top and 1½yds. 54in. material for pants. Price, complete, 4/6.

F6751



F6752.—Strapless evening gown has braid-trimmed bouffant skirt. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material for dress, 7½yds. 36in. material for lining, and 9½yds. braid for trim. Price, 4/9.

F6753.—Unusual long-sleeved nightgown has tucked yoke and pretty lace trim. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. 1in. lace edging. Price, 4/6.

F6755.—Perfect pre-autumn dress has tucked bodice yoke matched to pocket trim. Sizes: 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

• Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 171—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES

The garments are cut out ready to make in summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes pink, lemon, and sky-blue, all printed with a small white spot. Sizes: Frock, length 18in. for 2yrs., 14/9; panties, 3/11; frock, length 20in. for 4yrs., 15/3; panties, 4/6; frock, length 23in. for 6yrs., 17/3; panties, 4/11; frock, length 27in. for 8yrs., 17/11; panties, 5/3. Postage 1/6 for dress and 7d. extra for panties.

No. 169—INFANT'S PILLOW-SLIP

The pillow-slip is clearly traced ready to embroider and make. The material is a fine British cotton. The color choice includes pastel pink, blue, lemon, and green. The lace edge is not supplied. Size: 11 x 17in., 4/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 170—DUCHESS SET

The set comprises three pieces clearly traced ready to embroider and make. The set is obtainable in heavy cream linen or in sheer linen in white, blue, pink, and green. The centre mat measures 11 x 17in. and the two smaller mats 8 x 8in. The lace edging is not supplied. Price, 7/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 172—SMALL GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

The dressing-gown is cut out ready to sew and there are full making instructions. The material is a pretty floral haircord featuring multi-colors on a white, blue, or pink ground. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2yrs., 15/11; 33in. for 4yrs., 16/9; 37in. for 6yrs., 17/6; 41in. for 8yrs., 18/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given above.

F6753



172



YOUNG SURFER



YOUNG Robert Shaw of Double Bay, N.S.W. would be in the water if they'd let him. "I have to watch him carefully," says his young mother, "or he would be off to sea on his own. He's only two, but swims quite strongly. I began giving him Vicosite at 6 months, and he's included it in his meals ever since. It has truly helped a great deal in building him up. Vicosite is the true cod extract, richer in Vitamin A than any other yeast extract manufactured in Australia. Taster too, and more economical. Made by Kraft, U.S.A."



HANSEN'S
JUNKET TABLETS

NOT FOR THE VIVACIOUS

For those who suffer from skin troubles—pimples or boils, GOLDCRYST Health Salts will clear the impure system and return health to normal.

GOLDCRYST is gentle yet quickly effective. Regular doses of these Golden Health Crystals is the simple way to regain vivacity.

For Irrregularity, Neuritis, Boils, Eczema, Rheumatism, Pimples, Bullenorm, Caut, Blood Disorders—

GOLDCRYST
HEALTH SALTS

Prepared by the University of South Australia & Co. Ltd., Melbourne.

Unusual dessert wins £5

- Passionfruit Trifle
- Peanut Crisps
- Savory Tomatoes
- Pineapple Shortbread

PASSIONFRUIT trifle, which tops the list of prizewinners in this week's recipe contest, is an unusual sweet.

It is quick and easy to prepare, and if you have a passionfruit vine in your garden it is inexpensive.

Consolation prizes are awarded to recipes for peanut crisps, savory tomatoes, and pineapple shortbread. All three are easily made from available ingredients, and will prove useful additions to your recipe collection.

For a change, try using minced luncheon sausage in place of the diced cooked vegetables to stuff the savory tomatoes. If the tomatoes are to be served cold with salad it is not necessary to bake them.

All spoon measurements are level.

PASSIONFRUIT TRIFLE

One layer day-old sponge sandwich, jam (strawberry, raspberry, or plum), coconut, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Passionfruit Syrup: One cup



PEANUT CRISPS, served with a long cool fruit drink or a glass of milk, make a good after-school snack for children. Try them, too, with your mid-morning cup of tea, or take a plateful next time it is your turn to provide the tennis tea. See prize recipe.

Caring for twins

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CARING for twins in the first months of their lives means a great deal more work for the mother.

In some cases, particularly when a twin pregnancy is not carried to the full term, twins at first need special and skilled care.

Wise planning of the daily routine is extremely important if a mother is not to become overtired and overwrought.

To compensate for this early

demand on a mother's time, as twins grow older they usually take a great interest and enjoyment in each other's company and generally require less attention than the single baby.

A leaflet giving suggestions on the early management of twins can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with the request.



PASSIONFRUIT TRIFLE is a dinner sweet which may be served all the year round. When fresh passionfruit are out of season tinned passionfruit pulp may be used. Serve the sweet cold with cream or ice-cream. See prizewinning recipe.

sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1 tablespoon cornflour, juice 1/2 lemon, pulp 6 or 8 passionfruit, red coloring.

Cut a large circle from top of sponge, making a shallow cavity. Brush sides and rim of sponge with warmed jam, coat with coconut. Prepare custard. Blend cornflour smoothly with some of the milk. Bring balance of milk to boiling point with sugar and butter. Stir in blended cornflour, simmer 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool slightly, add beaten egg, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Allow to become cold, flavor with vanilla and lemon rind. Fill into cavity in sponge, replace piece cut from top. Prepare passionfruit syrup.

Passionfruit Syrup: Place sugar, cornflour blended with water, lemon juice, and passionfruit pulp into a saucepan. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Color red. When quite cold pour over sponge. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss J. E. Bartels, "Netley," McCrae, Vic.

PEANUT CRISPS

Four ounces shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup chopped salted peanuts, 1 cup cornflakes.

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten egg, mix well. Fold

in sifted flour, salt, soda, baking powder. Work in rolled oats, peanuts, and cornflakes, mix well. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased trays, spacing well. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. G. Hamilton, 76 Queen's Rd., Hermit Park, Townsville, Qld.

SAVORY TOMATOES

Four large tomatoes, 1/2 cup diced cooked vegetables (carrot, potato, peas), 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, parsley.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each, scoop out pulp. Invert on flat plate to drain. Chop half the tomato pulp and mix with vegetables, onion, salt, pepper, crumbs, and mayonnaise. Fill into tomato cases, top with cheese. Bake in moderate oven until tomatoes are just soft. May be served hot, or cold with salad. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Nicholls, Box 235, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

PINEAPPLE SHORTBREAD

Two ounces shortening, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 to 1 1/2 cups well-drained, crushed, or grated pineapple.

Topping: One egg, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in milk, sifted flour, and salt. Turn on to floured board, roll to fit greased slab-tin. Cover with pineapple, prepare topping.

Topping: Beat egg and sugar together, add coconut. Spread over pineapple. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with custard as a dinner sweet or allow to become cold, cut into finger-lengths, and serve for afternoon tea or supper.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Jewell, 6 Liguria St., Coogee, N.S.W.



What's in a name?

DAINTONA

PARISCORD

HAPPYTIMES

KIDDIE CLOTH

CHALET Furnishings

365 Handkerchiefs

To the knowing shopper it suggests a certain standard of quality. But when you find a complete range of fabrics, all with different names, look for the symbol of the William Pickles Group. It is your guarantee of textile craftsmanship in the finest Lancashire tradition.

WILLIAM PICKLES GROUP - MANCHESTER - ENGLAND

TRADE ENQUIRIES: SYDNEY: F. G. Crocker, 87 York Street.
MELBOURNE: A. M. Murray, (Box No. 964), Flinders St.
BRISBANE: M. L. James, 149/51 Elizabeth Street.



Open a jar of Peck's — and "break in" socially as a good hostess any time! Entertaining costs less and you make tempting savouries in a jiffy with concentrated Peck's. Try it on crackers or in savoury eggs; everyone loves it!

PECK'S

8 Palate-pleasing PASTES

A little PECK'S goes such a long way!

89/82/49



"Who'd bother with homemade dressings?"
asks *Letty Lettuce*

"GIVE ME THE MAGIC TOUCH OF
NEW KRAFT MAYONNAISE!"



"I've never seen such a smooth dressing," says Mrs. G. Jennings, of 4 Billong Street, Neutral Bay, N.S.W. "Far smoother than any I've attempted. I've made my own salad dressings for years and years, but—not any more. Not after discovering the new Kraft Mayonnaise! Quite frankly, the family prefers Kraft Mayonnaise, and using it has made my salads famous with our friends."



Smoother . . . Creamier . . . Richer

"Here's the dressing that works magic on an ordinary salad," says Letty Lettuce. "The new Kraft Mayonnaise! It has a truly wonderful flavour . . . a luscious savour that brings out the delicacy of tender young greens—it's *exactly* what I want, far better than homemade!"

Letty's so right—you've never tasted a salad dressing quite like Kraft Mayonnaise. That wonder-flavour comes from the choicest ingredients in the land, master-mixed to an incredible satin-smoothness, measured with technical exactness—and *all ready to serve!* In patterned glasses you can use again!

Never Again! Women who have cooked homemade dressings all their lives are vowing "never again"—they've done with all that mixing, beating, boiling, stirring. Hot-weather meals are easier now!

Pretty new TALL re-usable 5 oz. glasses! Bright Tulip pattern in eight colours! Add charm to your home—start your own set today!

One taste of the New Kraft Mayonnaise and they'll all want more! So buy this big 12 oz. jar for economy. And the jars are grand for the jam cupboard.

Australia has the loveliest salad fruits and vegetables in the whole world, so make the most of our salad season! Serve plenty of salads with new Kraft Mayonnaise.



NEW KRAFT MAYONNAISE

THE FINEST SALAD DRESSING OF ALL

GUARANTEE

If Kraft Mayonnaise fails to please, simply return the unused portion of the jar to your grocer and your money will be refunded.

Use the one simple mixture as base for cakes and sweets. Suggestions for varying flavor and appearance are given below.

From One Mixture

BY OUR FOOD & COOKERY EXPERTS

(All spoon measurements are level.)

BASIC MIXTURE

Four ounces butter or other shortening, 4oz. sugar ($\frac{1}{2}$ large breakfast cup or graduated glass measuring cup), flavoring, 2 eggs, 1oz. self-raising flour (or 2 breakfast or measuring cups lightly sifted), pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter or other shortening with sugar and flavoring. When soft and creamy add egg (either whole or lightly beaten), mix well. Sift flour thoroughly with salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk, folding in with a down-and-over movement; avoid beating or excessive stirring.

NEW-STYLE FRUIT DUFF

Half quantity basic mixture, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups firm type stewed fruit well drained free of syrup (cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and some of the berry fruits give the best result), 5 or 6 tablespoons syrup from the fruit, icing sugar, cream or ice-cream.

Place mixture in greased oblong dish in three distinct heaps, forming a triangle if possible. Fill the three spaces with fruit, adding a small quantity of syrup. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become cold, dust top with sifted icing sugar, add a little more syrup from fruit if desired. Serve with cream.

CHOCOLATE BAR CAKE

Ingredients for half quantity of basic mixture, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Icing: One and a half cups sifted icing sugar, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, approximately 2 tablespoons warm water (or 1 teaspoon butter melted in about 2 tablespoons hot milk), chopped walnuts.

Blend cocoa smoothly with the milk, add to creamed shortening and sugar after the egg has been mixed in. Extra milk is necessary because cocoa has a drying effect on the mixture. Turn into greased bar-tin, 10in. x 3in. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before placing on a cake-cooler until cold.

Icing: Sift icing sugar and cocoa thoroughly together, gradually add

water or melted butter and hot milk, making a stiff mixture. Stir over very low heat until softened just to pouring consistency. Pour quickly over cake, smoothing with a knife dipped in hot water. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

ICE-CREAM CAKE

One quantity basic mixture, 2 teaspoons arrowroot, 1-3rd cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pulp of 3 or 4 passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little lemon butter or whipped cream, ice-cream.

Place cake mixture into greased 7in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Prepare sauce.

Blend arrowroot with water, add

NEW-STYLE fruit duff, passionfruit ice-cream cake, three types of fancy patty cakes, and the chocolate bar cake shown above are some of the tempting sweets which can be made from a basic recipe given here.

lemon juice, passionfruit pulp, and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 1 minute. Allow to become cold. Split cake through centre, sandwich with lemon butter or whipped cream. Cut into shapes. Place one portion in each serving-dish, top with a scoop of ice-cream, pour sauce over. Serve at once.

ASSORTED PATTY CAKES

One quantity basic mixture (makes about 2 dozen patty cakes), 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 2 dessertspoons milk, vanilla, 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Prepare basic mixture as directed. When mixed place one-third of the mixture into a separate bowl and fold in cocoa blended with milk. Divide balance of mixture into two, flavor one with vanilla, add coffee essence to the other. Half-fill patty tins or paper cases with the mixture. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Lift carefully on to cake-cooler; cool.

Chocolate Hat Cakes: Half quantity chocolate icing as given for chocolate bar cake, 2 table-

spoons mock cream or fresh whipped cream.

When cakes are cooled cover tops with chocolate icing. When set cut a piece from the top of each with a sharp thin-bladed knife. Place a spoonful of cream on lower portion, replace top.

Coffee Walnut Fancies: One cup sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter melted with 1 tablespoon milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon coffee essence, walnuts.

Sift icing sugar thoroughly, place in small saucepan. Mix to a thick paste with butter and milk, add coffee essence. Stir over low heat until softened to thick pouring consistency. Coat tops of cakes, decorate with walnuts.





Betty and her Doll.

Just a few days before Christmas, little Betty gazed wide-eyed and longingly into the shop window. "If only Daddy Christmas would bring me that lovely doll!" she thought.

And she pondered silently over the joy she'd feel in being able to show it to her little friends; in dressing it each day and in putting it fondly to sleep at night. Yes, it would be the most treasured of all her possessions.

And then, strangely enough, when she awoke bright and early on Christmas morning, she found that Santa Claus had really and truly answered her fervent hopes. For there, peering at her out of the top of the big pillow-slip that hung over her bed, was that very same doll. Oh, what joy! What a kind Santa! She must run and show Mummy and Daddy at once what Father Christmas had brought her.

"Yes," she promised Mummy later that day, "I'll take great care of my dolly." No broken arm or leg, no smashed face would mar her precious new playmate. So Mummy and Daddy and Betty had a very joyous Christmas. And at bedtime, tired and happy, Betty lay dolly down beside her in her cot and fell asleep.

... Betty's dolly still lies in the cot—alone. Betty herself is in another cot—at the Children's Hospital—unconscious. A day or two after Christmas she had been run down by a motor car, and the doctors and nurses are still fighting grimly day and night to save her precious life.

What matter whose fault it was? Pointing the finger of blame won't ease Betty's suffering.

But Mummy and Daddy . . . how do they feel in their hour of anguish? They had, of course, told Betty that she must take care of her dolly . . . but had they trained Betty how to take care of herself? They alone know the answer.

How important, how vital it is for EVERYONE to realise that Road Safety is a matter for every individual in the community! That Care, Courtesy and Common Sense, if practised AT ALL TIMES by ALL PEOPLE, CAN SAVE LIVES.

LIFE IS SO PRECIOUS

Inserted by THE AUSTRALIAN ROAD SAFETY COUNCIL

RSV.78.HP.101

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, PRINCESS NARDA: And LOTHAR: Their giant Nubian servant, are trapped on Fear Island, a former south sea paradise now a depot for stolen goods. While Lothar is in chains on the yacht, Mandrake, with the help of Daru, the chief's son, explores the thieves' hideout. Together they plan to steal guns and arm the islanders. But Headman, the leader of the gang, orders Narda to be held as a hostage. Meanwhile, Mandrake swims out to the yacht. NOW READ ON:

TWO GUARDS STROLL NEAR, AND HEAR THE VOICE. WHO'S HE TALKING TO? ASKS ONE. "LOOK DOWN THERE AT THE WATERLINE," SAYS THE OTHER, AS THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY TOWARDS THEM...



"MIGOSH! LOOK AT THAT!" ROAR THE GUARDS IN AMAZEMENT! "HE'S TALKIN' TO A FISH!"



"THE FISH TALKIN' TOO!" CLAIMS THE FIRST GUARD. "OH—WHAT AM I SAYIN'?" HEADS, IN A DAZE, AS THE FISH SEEMS TO FLOP OVER AND DISAPPEAR—



THE "FISH," NONE OTHER THAN MANDRAKE, OF COURSE, SWIMS UNDER WATER TO THE NEAR-BY BANK. NOW TO GET TO THE FENCE WITHOUT BEING SEEN. DARU SHOULD BE THERE SOON.



DARU, THE CHIEF'S SON, URGES HIS WARRIORS TOWARD THE FENCE. "BUT WE ARE UNARMED. THE BAD MEN WILL SLAUGHTER US," THEY COMPLAIN. "—THE MAGIC ONE WILL HELP US," REPLIES DARU. "IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO FREE OURSELVES."



THEY MEET MANDRAKE. HE HANDS THEM A WIRE CUTTER, TAKEN FROM THE ARMORY. "WATCH FOR A RED FLARE AT MIDNIGHT. WHEN YOU SEE IT, CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH GO DOWN THAT HOLE UNDERGROUND, WHERE YOU'LL FIND PLENTY OF GUNS FOR ALL OF YOU!"



"AH, HERE IS MANDRAKE NOW!" LAUGHS THE HEADMAN. "HE'S LEARNED YOU'RE HERE, AND WANTS TO SURRENDER." "—I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HERE, BUT I'VE COME TO DEMAND THAT YOU SURRENDER TO ME!" SNAPS MANDRAKE. HEADMAN LAUGHS. "SURRENDER TO YOU—WHEN WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!" HE ROARS.



MANDRAKE SAYS NOTHING, BUT FIRES HIS FLARE GUN OUT THE WINDOW...



TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 30, 1952

Take **VINCENT'S** **A.P.C.** *with Confidence*

For HEADACHE, FATIGUE, PAIN, Nervous Depression

ENJOY outdoor fun! Be bright! Alert! Full of confidence! When hot weather affects you and you feel headachy, tired and listless, *take VINCENT'S A.P.C. with confidence!* Thrill to the call of the Surf and Sand! Live life to the full! VINCENT'S will make you better and brighter in a few minutes because Headache, Fatigue, Heat Exhaustion and Listlessness quickly respond to the special treatment provided by VINCENT'S better-balanced formula. VINCENT'S Powders and Tablets bring quick, lasting relief in three wonderful ways: VINCENT'S relieve pain, reduce temperature, and stimulate the nervous system.

A PROVED AND FULLY ACCEPTED MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION!

VINCENT'S hospital prescription has stood the test of over 30 years' experience in the medical world! ONLY genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared to the hospital prescription used by the superintendent of one of Australia's largest hospitals!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN FOR OVER 30 YEARS

have had *confidence* in genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders or Tablets for the relief of pain, headache and nervous depression. Taken at onset and repeated according to directions VINCENT'S A.P.C. brings quick and lasting relief! Be sure you get VINCENT'S A.P.C.!

ONE DOSE BRINGS QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHE AND PAIN!

Get *genuine* VINCENT'S A.P.C. to-day and from the *very first dose* you will get safe, sure relief from Headache, Nervous Depression, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Colds, Flu, Sore Throat and all Nerve and Muscular Pain. VINCENT'S A.P.C. will *lift* you to bright smiling alertness. VINCENT'S A.P.C. will quickly replace that tired, headachy and depressed feeling with a feeling of fresh, revitalised exhilaration. *Get VINCENT'S now and feel better quickly!*



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never
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*But-try
them by
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